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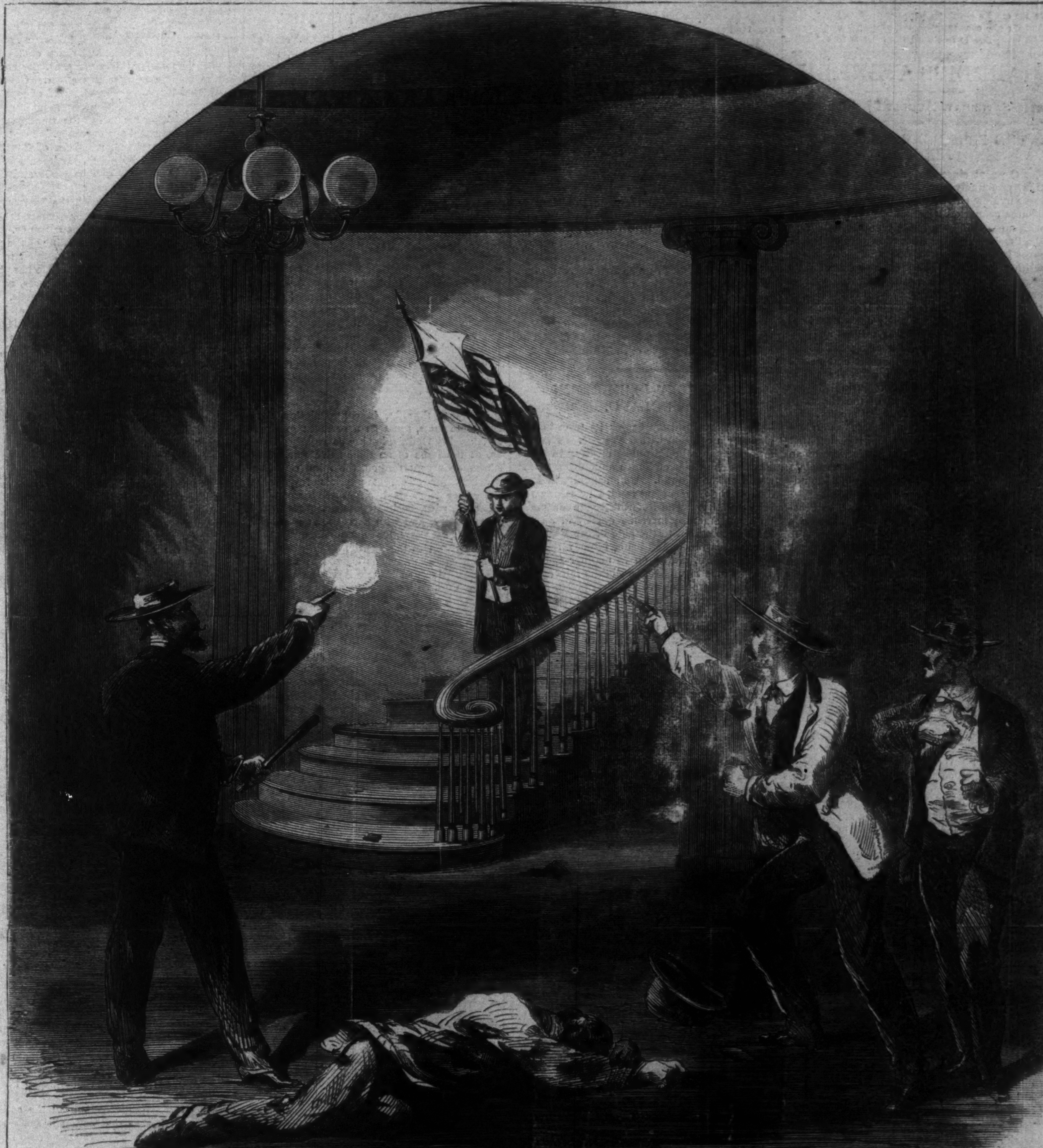


THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDER OF THE Rev. Mr. HORTON IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Sketched by Davis.—[See Page 535.]

A CRY FROM THE VINEYARD.

God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work!—Thomas Fuller.

Oh, Father, I'm weary—how long must I stay
In this Vineyard weed-tangled, with work for all day?
The sun is so scorching, the winds are so ill,
That I faint at the travail—or shiver and chill;
My feet they are wounded, my garments are torn,
And the labor grows harder than labor at morn.
E'en the grapes they are bitter, and quench not my thirst,
And woes are so many I know not the worst!

"Oh, child," spoke the Father, "1st patience be thine,
Till the grapes thou find'st bitter ferment into wine.
A robe there is weaving which can not be torn.
A robe which by wedding-guests only is worn;
A crown there is promised with jewels more bright
Than a monarch's proud diadem radiant in light:
And the breath of the flowers which fade not nor die,
Shall heal every wound, and shall hush every sigh!

"Oh, child, well-beloved, when the evening shall come
Be sure thou shalt slumber and rest in thy home;
A bed is preparing more soft than the cloud
Which floats in the ether one bright star to shroud,
When the white moon is shining to silver it o'er
As the cradles of princes were burnish'd of yore:
And He who once trampled the wine-press alone
Will bring thee to rest when thy labor is done!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 25, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT JUDGED BY HIMSELF.

No event since the end of the war has so profoundly moved the country as the massacre at New Orleans, and none of the circumstances connected with it have been regarded with more painful surprise than the action of the President. Ever since the meeting of Congress last December he has strenuously insisted that the late rebel States, by conforming to certain terms which he had named, without consultation with Congress, were fully restored to their equal relations in the Union with the loyal States. He has publicly denounced Senators and Representatives as traitors and disunionists because they did not agree with him. He has vetoed the most important bills passed by Congress, assigning among his reasons in every instance that legislation during the exclusion from representation of the States in question was of doubtful constitutionality. He has uniformly spoken of those States as no longer in an exceptional situation, insisting that war was over, that all its methods were at an end, and that nothing remained to complete the normal condition of the Union but the admission of representatives duly qualified.

Louisiana is one of these States. The President told us that it was upon exactly the same footing in the Union as New York, and was to be treated by the national authorities exactly as New York is treated. He had recognized its local State Government as no less valid and independent within its constitutional sphere than that of New York, and however opinions as to the constitutionality or good policy or common-sense of his views may have differed, no one, we suppose, doubted that they were sincerely held and would honestly control his action.

But the President has suddenly shown that, while he denounces the Legislative branch of the Government as disorganizing or treasonable for not assenting to his theory, he does not mean to be bound by it himself. While he and his supporters are vociferously accusing Congress of revolutionary intentions because it does not immediately recognize what he calls the lawful representatives of Louisiana, he himself calls to account and peremptorily disregards the Governor of Louisiana, whom he has recognized as a lawful Governor as much as Governor **Fenton** of New York. He does in that State what he knows would not be for a moment tolerated in this.

On the 21st of July the President issues the following extraordinary order to the Governor of Louisiana, who, let it be remembered, he asserts is the peer of the Governor of Pennsylvania, of Massachusetts, of Illinois, or of any other State. "*I have been advised that you have issued a proclamation convening the Convention elected in 1864. Please inform me under and by what authority this has been done, and by what authority this Convention can assume to represent the whole people of the State of Louisiana.*" This is the order of a superior to a subordinate agent. This is a message which the commander-in-chief may properly send to a provisional lieutenant. But it is a message which the President of the United States has no more rightful authority to send to the Governor of New York than the Queen of England has. And when such a missive is forwarded by a President who has been for months tediously reiterating that the rights of the States are in imminent danger of being destroyed by despotic centralization it is both ludicrous and alarming; ludicrous, because the executive act is such a ridiculous contradiction of the executive assertion; and alarming, because it shows either the President's incapacity to comprehend the limits of the executive power, or his determination to disregard them at his pleasure.

The President's "policy" thus proves to be the President's pleasure. When it is convenient for him to treat a State as fully in the Union the President's "policy" requires us to assent. When it is convenient to consider it as under absolute military supervision the President's "policy" requires us to say Amen. If the President blows hot, we must agree that it is warm. If he blows cold, we must declare it is exceeding chilly. If he denounces Congress as revolutionary for not recognizing the representatives of Louisiana, we must beg him to sweep it out of the Capitol. If he turns on his heel and refuses to recognize the Governor of Louisiana, we must vow that he is the saviour of the Constitution.

The whole melancholy history justifies Congress. It has steadily refused to act upon a visionary theory, "a pernicious abstraction." Familiar with the causes of the war, understanding the vast social convulsions that always attend so fierce a struggle, and knowing that statesmanship deals with facts, it has not foolishly supposed that every thing was settled because insurgents had laid down their arms, nor assumed that States still quivering with hatred and hostility could be admitted to a share in the Government without patient inquiry and deliberation. It has asked only that the facts be ascertained, not assumed. Without hostile emotion, without vindictiveness, it has required that no State deliberately withdrawing its representatives, in order to destroy the Government, shall claim to have them readmitted except upon terms of reasonable precaution, and that rebellion shall not be rewarded by increased political power. Whether Congress, in its prudent care, is less patriotic, constitutional, and reasonable than the President in his immoderate haste—whether its calm and consistent policy is not as respectful of just State rights as the capricious, arbitrary, and utterly illogical and inconsistent conduct of the President—whether, in settling a civil war, it is more revolutionary to deprive a State of its national representation until it conforms to reasonable terms, than to deprive it of its local government at the executive pleasure—are questions upon which we believe there is very little difference among the loyal people of the United States.

THE TORY BLUNDER IN ENGLAND.

The Tory Ministry begins its term in England by a collision with the people. The Reform League called a public meeting in Hyde Park. The Chief of Police announced that it would not be allowed. To an inquiry in Parliament the Government replied by taking the responsibility. The Reform League continued its arrangements; marched quietly in an immense procession to the gate of the Park, demanded entrance, and being forcibly repulsed by the police, moved on to another spot and held its meeting. Meanwhile the rails around the Park were broken in several places by the great pressure of the crowd, and as the people poured in they were clubbed by the policemen, and for a little time it looked as if the soldiers who were present might have to interfere to preserve order.

The Government was sharply attacked in Parliament, and made a very poor defense. Mr. **Mill**, in a few grave and pointed remarks, said that the Government did not seem to be aware of the seriousness of the occasion, or of the very serious consequences that might follow the step it had taken. To the objection that the meeting would interrupt the recreation of the riders and pedestrians in the Park, Mr. **Mill** replied by asking whether such a meeting would cause a thousandth part of the interruption that an ordinary review or meeting of volunteers does, and whether a meeting in a street or in a square disturbs the city less than one in a park? Besides, since the Parks are the property of the people, and the people have an incontestable right of meeting, upon what ground could they be excluded from Hyde Park that would not justify the suppression of all public meetings in public places? The *Star* plainly said that it was the thought of Reform which the Government hates, so it forbids the people to meet in the streets and squares, lest they impede traffic, or in the Parks, lest they interfere with the pleasure of loungers; and then, if they do not meet somewhere, taunts them with apathy and declares them unfit for the responsibility of free citizens. It is not surprising that Mr. **Mill** ended his speech by saying that the Government might be congratulated on an act the consequences of which the wisdom of wiser men than they could not in many years remove.

Mr. **Disraeli**, for the Government, had nothing to say but that he indignantly repudiated any sinister intention, and that the Parks were unfit places for public meetings; for however honest the intention of the callers, they gave opportunity to "the scum of the metropolis" to misconduct themselves. Yet he declared himself no more opposed to public meetings than Mr. **Mill** or any of his friends. Nothing could be more impotent than such an excuse, except that offered for the massacre at New Orleans. The original difficulty, in both cases, is the total incapacity of Toryism to understand the spirit and conditions of a free, constitutional government. It always strikes at free speech under pretense of preserving public order. It interprets a logical statement as a threat, and resents the drawing of conclusions as if they were swords. If the stupidity of Toryism were ever surprising—if it were not an essential and invariable part of it, we might wonder that, with the tremendous experience of 1832, the British Ministry should undertake to interfere with public meetings, as a means of thwarting the Reform spirit in England. That spirit is the salvation of the country, and could its expression be wholly repressed, it would merely be hermetically sealing the steam into the boiler. Undoubtedly the Tory Ministry, by interfering with the Hyde Park meeting, has secured the passage of the Reform bill. And although it has agreed to refer the question of the right of meeting in the Parks to judicial decision, it has plainly betrayed its own inclination upon the subject.

OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.

It is now safe to say that the wheat crop of the United States in the current year, 1866, will be the largest ever harvested. Of the corn and pork crops it is yet too soon to speak with certainty. Thus far, both promise excellently; but early frosts may blight too confident expectations, and the most that can safely be said is that the promise is good. The petroleum crop has been bountiful; our foreign export is over four times that of last year. Finally, of our greatest staple, cotton, the prospect is fair. Estimates vary, as usual at this season. There are those who look for a crop of 3,000,000 bales; and there are others, apparently equally well informed, though possibly biased by preconceived opinions with regard to the unproductiveness of free negro labor, who declare that a crop of 1,500,000 bales will astonish them. A middle party expects 2,300,000 bales; and if no accident or early frost occurs, the chances are fair that this estimate will not exceed, though it may fall short of the actual product. With a crop of 2,300,000 bales, prices might be maintained until the crop of 1867 approached harvest season, and it would thus yield to the country as much money, even in gold, as the greatest crop ever hitherto gathered.

Our first thought, in contemplating these agreeable facts, must be a reverent gratitude to Almighty God for having so greatly blessed us, at the issue of an exhaustive war. This supreme duty performed, the mind reverts to considerations of a more material nature. And the query suggests itself at the outset, how comes it, with the boundless resources of this vast country, and with harvests far surpassing those of past years, that our public and private finances are still in a position of disgrace; that United States money is classed by foreigners with Austrian and Buenos Ayres money; that a New York dollar is only worth two-thirds of a London or Paris dollar; that clothing and food, the necessaries and the luxuries of life, are all dearer here than elsewhere in the civilized world; and above all, that the people of the United States, who produce so largely, and among whom land, and its consequence—social, political, and financial independence—are so abundant and so easy to obtain, should be the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth?

It is not easy to solve the problem. A number of semi-solutions or palliative suggestions may be named. It may be said that we carried on our war with a lavish hand, spent more money than was necessary, and require time to recover ourselves after our national debauch. And it may be said that, having started on a false path, we are necessarily bound to retrace our steps leisurely, for fear of ruining interests which were involved in our past errors. And it may further be said that, so far as our internal commerce is concerned, our paper currency answers every purpose, while its depreciation serves as a check upon foreign importations. These and other arguments of the same class were effectively used in Congress by Senator **John Sherman**, Mr. **Thaddeus Stevens**, and other statesmen of the dominant party, in opposition to more conservative men, who desired to initiate a policy leading, within a given time, to a restoration of specie payments.

Still, to a common-sense observer, contemplating, on the one hand, the resources and the annual product of the country, and, on the other, the aggregate amount of the national debt and the annual interest charge, it seems monstrous that our currency should continue in a position of disgrace. We owe but little more than half the national debt of England, and our revenue is two-thirds greater than that of England; yet British sovereigns and notes of the Bank of England command a premium of 50 per cent. in our own market in our own currency. It would seem much more reasonable that British Bank notes should sell at a discount for American money.

It may be said that Mr. **M'Culloch** is not to blame for this state of things; that he foretold the result in plain language; that he begged Congress to give him the power to contract the currency, and that the entreaty was denied. There is some truth in this. **John Sherman** of Ohio, and **Thaddeus Stevens** of Pennsylvania, acting in the interest of established industries, effectually put a stop to the Secretary's scheme for the reduction of the volume of paper-money afloat. They believed, or pretended to believe, in the language of Mr. **Stevens**, that there is not half enough currency afloat, and that it would be better to swell the present volume from $900,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, without regard to the consequences in the Gold Room. And they actually succeeded in securing the passage of a bill which prohibits the Secretary from canceling more than about 2½ of the currency afloat in the course of the year.

The Secretary of the Treasury, obeying the behests of a party which, according to his friends, is controlled by his financial opponents, has been, in his friends' opinions, relieved from responsibility by the action of the majority in Congress. In reply to hostile criticism he has simply to say:

"I foretold the fatal consequences of continued currency expansion. I foresaw a coming crisis. I urged a swift and sharp contraction—to the extent of thirty per cent. per annum of the volume of currency afloat. Congress would not listen to me. Instead of granting me the powers I asked, Congress actually passed a law forbidding me to use the small power I enjoyed to contract the currency."

On the other hand, members of Congress, when summoned by their constituents to explain the high price of dry goods and other necessaries of life, will say:

"We left the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury. He had power to contract loans at will, and so absorb surplus currency. His authority, in regard to the funding of the public debt, was the largest ever confided to any Finance Minister in the world. He has power to sell bonds when and as he pleases, and to keep or disburse the currency proceeds. He may sell gold when and as he pleases, and lock up, if it seems best, the currency received in exchange. If the national currency is redundant, and prices are correspondingly high, the public must call him—not us—to account."

This is how the case stands at present. All admit that, in view of the resources, the national income, and the general prosperity of the country, the premium on gold is unjustified. But while some blame the "radical majority" for prohibiting by statute currency contraction, others hold the Secretary responsible for allowing the power he enjoys of funding the debt to lie dormant. It is hardly worth while examining the rival claims. Congress has adjourned, and its responsibility is no longer "negotiable." If the fault be judicially determined to rest with Congress, the country had best carry the claim to "profit and loss," without further debate. At best we can only vote down the manufacturers' men at next election. But the Secretary is still there. He can still sell new Five-Twenty Bonds at a premium to any extent required. If the currency accumulates in the banks to an extent which provokes speculation, and he has no loan on the market, he would fairly seem responsible for the accumulation and for its consequences. Millions upon millions of new Five-Twenties can now be sold here and abroad at a premium. If the Secretary does not choose to supply them, he is responsible for the subsequent condition of the money and stock markets. If he does supply them, he is bound to keep in hand currency enough to represent them when Congress asks him for an account.

In the present condition of the currency a new loan would bring gold down to half the present premium, and would make money worth 6 @ 7 per cent. per annum.

POLITICIANS ADRIFT.

It is a curious inquiry with whom in the late rebel States the managers of the **Randall** Philadelphia Convention proposed to coalesce. The motive of the call was declared to be a desire of mutual intelligence and conciliation between those who had lately been divided by war. Obviously to the success of such an assembly a representation of all interests and views was not only valuable but essential. Its motto was, of necessity, "By-gones are by-gones." But apparently those who issued the call were so blinded by hostility to the great body of the Union party, and by anxiety to create a new Presidential party, that their first step was a mistake, and every succeeding step has confirmed it.

The call virtually denounced the action of Congress; but as that action is sustained by the mass of the distinctive Union men in every part of the country, and nowhere more zealously than by the sturdy and tried Unionists of the late insurgent States, they were excluded from the Convention. There remained then the reactionary Unionists of 1864 and the Democrats in one part of the country, and the late rebels in the other, from which to construct the new party. But the managers, totally misapprehending the facts, immediately began to discriminate invidiously among these classes. They would have only what they called War Democrats and reactionary Republicans from the North, and those who had not been conspicuous rebels from the South. This was an impossible distinction at the North; for the last party platform of the Democracy was that made at Chicago, which was the work of Vallandigham, and was equally supported by the Peace Democrats and the War Democrats. Henry C. Murphy supported it cheek by jowl with Fernando Wood, and Vallandigham voted for it with John T. Hoffman. The line which divided them as Peace and War Democrats was invisible when compared with that which united them simply as Democrats. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the Democratic party was the party of opposition to the war. It acted as a unit in the national election of 1864 during the war, and at the State elections of 1865 after the war was over. It, therefore, could not submit to be divided in 1866 by any external authority. And as the Philadelphia managers must depend upon that party as the chief element in their new combination, they would of course strengthen themselves by incorporating it as a unit instead of a divided body.

The distinction which the same gentlemen attempted at the South was equally impolitic. They began by counting out the original and constant Unionists there, and insisted, with Senator Dixon at New Haven, that all the intellect and cultivation and worth of that section had been conspicuous in the rebellion. It was with these last, therefore, that the managers proposed conciliation. But who were representatives of this class, if not men like Alexander H. Stephens, Governor Brown, and Governor Orr; and if they were excluded, who were to speak for them? Before the Convention met it appeared that certain persons, insignificant from their numbers, who had been unable to control the Union party, proposed to exclude both that party and the bulk of the Democrats at the North, with the Unionists and late rebels at the South, and with the remainder—that is, by themselves—to construct a party of their own to sweep the country.

The result was plain enough from the beginning. If the new movement was to succeed it could only be by the support of the Democratic party. But would that party enter into an alliance of which the terms were to be dictated by a few bolters from their hereditary opponents? If those bolters were of that opinion they were no more sagacious than usual. The Randall Philadelphia Convention can not change the real aspect of the situation. It may be a convenient gate for discontented Unionists to enter the Democratic fold; but the great contest will still be fought out by the Union and Democratic parties. There will not in this State, for instance, be three differing parties at the autumn elections; and even should there be apparently three, two of them will be merely allies against the other.

THE FIGHT AT LISSA.

The extraordinary war in Europe, in which the most radical results have been attained in the briefest and most brilliant campaign, is not without its episodes of romantic heroism. The chief of these was the conduct of the Italians in the naval battle of Lissa. The Italian fleet in the Adriatic had inexplicably delayed operations. It was very large, superbly appointed, supposed to be ably commanded, maintained at vast expense, and the Italians chafed with indignation at its inactivity in the very moments when, as was believed, it might have materially assisted the movements of the army. At last, on the 16th of July, the fleet sailed from Ancona, and on the 18th attacked the fortified island of Lissa upon the coast of Dalmatia with such fury that the Italians intended on the 20th to land troops and occupy the island.

On that day, however, the Austrian squadron appeared, and the Italian Admiral Persano instantly bore down to the attack. A heavy gale was blowing, which perplexed the operations, but both Austrians and Italians evidently relied upon the iron sheaths and beaks with which the vessels were armed, and the conflict was tremendous. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of Persano, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of Persano's movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while holding on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain Fra di Bruno, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, Cappellini, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral Persano in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It is not easy to determine which fleet had the final advantage. Both withdrew to refit. But Trieste illuminated itself for a victory, and we do not observe that any Italian town rejoiced. But that is not surprising, for under the circumstances a drawn battle was a defeat for the Italians. Indeed, ill fortune has followed them through the war. The heroic but disastrous day at Custozza and the romantic valor of the sea-fight at Lissa will live long in Italian song and story. But every Italian will remember with impatience that Venetia was conquered for Italy by Prussia, and that it was not Italian arms which achieved Italian unity.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE LATE MASSACRE.

The defense made for the massacre in New Orleans is utterly impotent and contemptible. It consists in calling the assembly of the Convention illegal, and in slandering the Radical leaders, and in declaring that they meant to inaugurate civil war, and to do all kinds of horrible deeds. No other justification of a fierce and wanton slaughter of innocent men is attempted.

Now, as we showed last week, no meeting whatever, for the purpose of discussion or deliberation, assembled under any call whatever, is illegal in this country. The right of the people peaceably to assemble to consider public affairs is undeniable. If the circumstances of the case excite apprehension of probable disturbance, the authorities are to take measures to keep the peace at any cost. But to denounce a deliberative meeting in advance as itself threatening to the public peace, and to declare an intention of dissolving it by arrest of its members before a word is spoken or a deed done, is a proceeding which invites the riot it affects to quell.

John T. Monroe, a bitter rebel, whom the President pardoned that he might be Mayor of New Orleans, undertakes to declare in advance that a meeting of citizens to discuss public questions is calculated to disturb the public peace, is therefore unlawful, and that he shall disperse it and arrest the participants. Thus no meeting of citizens of the United States in New Orleans, for any purpose whatever, which John T. Monroe may consider calculated to disturb the peace, is to be permitted. His whim constitutes "legality" in that city, and disregard of it was the "illegality" of the Convention, whose members were therefore justifiably and lawfully massacred! This is the Conservative defense of that tragedy, and it needs no reply.

Mr. John T. Monroe, if he were once a slaveholder, may have made his will law upon his slave plantations, but he and his Conservative apologists will learn, as border ruffians learned in Kansas, that a city of the United States is not his slave plantation.

"THE PEOPLE."

It is sometimes asked with an air of triumph whether the Union party is afraid of the people of this country; and whether, if its policy can not be sustained by the people, it ought to prevail? We have no wish to differ with our friends of the *Evening Post*—but it occasionally asks this question as if it supposed it to have some meaning.

No true American citizen is afraid of the judgment of the people; but he denies the right of those in any State who have been in rebellion against the Government to assume to be "the people" to the exclusion of those in the same State who have supported it. We, for instance, deny that the "clay-eater" and "sandhiller" who can not read or write, and who are but a little more intelligent than the animals they work with, are to be counted among "the people," if all the clever men of mixed or unmixed blood in their States, the blacks, the mulattoes, the quadroons, octaroons, and others are to be excluded.

Therefore, if by "people" be understood the whole male adult population of every State, we doubt if the *Post* has a livelier faith in them than its neighbors. But if it means by "people" a certain class of the male adult population arbitrarily selected, and so selected as to exclude in our lately troubled States exactly those that as a class were faithful to the Government, then it seems to us distrust of them would prove a very proper want of faith in class privilege.

If a just majority of the people of the United States, by which we mean the male adult population, or such part of them as shall be chosen by tests equally applicable to all, are opposed to the Union and Government, of course there is no help for it. But no class created by unequal tests can be fairly called the people. We, with the *Post*, "are not afraid of the American people." But we hold Robert Small to be as much one of those people as Raphael Semmes.

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

A paper which persistently denounces Congress says: "The whole Radical party declare that the South shall not be readmitted to Congress until it conforms to certain conditions to be by themselves dictated."

What is the case upon the other side? Simply that the President insists that the South shall be readmitted to Congress because it has ostensibly conformed to conditions which he has himself dictated.

Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina, says that the President is revolutionary because he prescribed conditions. The President says that Congress is revolutionary because it prescribes conditions. Undoubtedly if Congress is guilty so is the President. And if conditions are to be dictated, as both the Executive and Legislative branches have declared, why is it such a crime to require that they shall be effectual?

HUMILIATION AND DEGRADATION.

Senator Dixon said, in his speech at the Connecticut Convention, to elect delegates to the Randall Philadelphia Assembly: "The plan proposed by Congress is before you. *It proceeds upon the ground of compelling the States lately in rebellion to submit to humiliating and degrading terms.*"

What are those terms? *First*, that they shall not have gained political power in the Government by the rebellion. *Second*, that those who violated their oaths to the Constitution shall not be eligible to office until Congress removes the disability.

Those are the conditions which Mr. Dixon calls humiliating and degrading. We ask any honest and manly ex-rebel if he thinks so? We ask him if he would not consider the Government humiliated if, after it has foiled his effort to destroy it, it should invite him to increased power in it; or if he would think himself degraded after he had violated his oath—however his conscience may have justified him—if those whom that violation had brought to untold suffering and loss should hold him ineligible to office until they saw that all danger had passed?

Mr. Dixon merely follows the lead of the Copperhead chiefs in telling the late insurgents that Congress means to humiliate and degrade them; assuring them that there is a party at the North which will support that view, and urging them to hold out, and refuse to enter Congress unless they can come with more power than those who have not rebelled. And this incitement to the late insurgents to remain hostile to the representatives of the loyal people Mr. Dixon calls "an effort to restore peace and good-will to a distracted country." Does Mr. Dixon think that calling vinegar honey makes it honey?

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two Sisters are there—ever year by year
 Companions true and dear
To meek and thoughtful hearts. Fair Hope is one,
 With voice of merry tone,
With footstep light, and eye of sparkling glance.
 The other is perchance
E'en somewhat lovelier, but less full of glee.
 Her name is Memory.

She wanders near me, chanting plaintive lays
 Of by-gone scenes and days:
And when I turn, and meet her thoughtful eye,
 She tells me mournfully
Of soft low gurgling brooks, and glistening flowers,
 And childhood's sunny hours:
And then with tears and melancholy tone
 She tells me they are gone.

Hope gently chides her—bids me not to cast
 My eyes upon the past—
Cheering me thus, she leads me by the hand
 To view her own fair land:
And soon I see where many pleasures meet,
 Some close before my feet;
And some, seen dimly through the distant haze,
 Grow brighter as I gaze.

Oh! both refresh me.—Yet not only so:
 They teach—where'er I go.
One tells of follies past, and one is given
 To talk to me of Heaven.
And thus I'll cling to both. Soft Memory,
 All pensive though she be,
Shall bide a comrade cherish'd to the end:
 But Hope shall be my friend.

COMMANDER BRAINE.

It was some time in October, 1861, that we spoke of the services of Lieutenant D. L. Braine, U.S.N., as a foreshadowing of the skill and power of the Government in dealing with the rebellion, and we are glad to know that our confidence was not misplaced. Our readers will hear with pleasure that Lieutenant Braine has been advanced to the grade of Commander in the navy by selection for eminent services during the war. " t is a simple tribute of justice," says a friend, "to a man who deserves much more."

S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

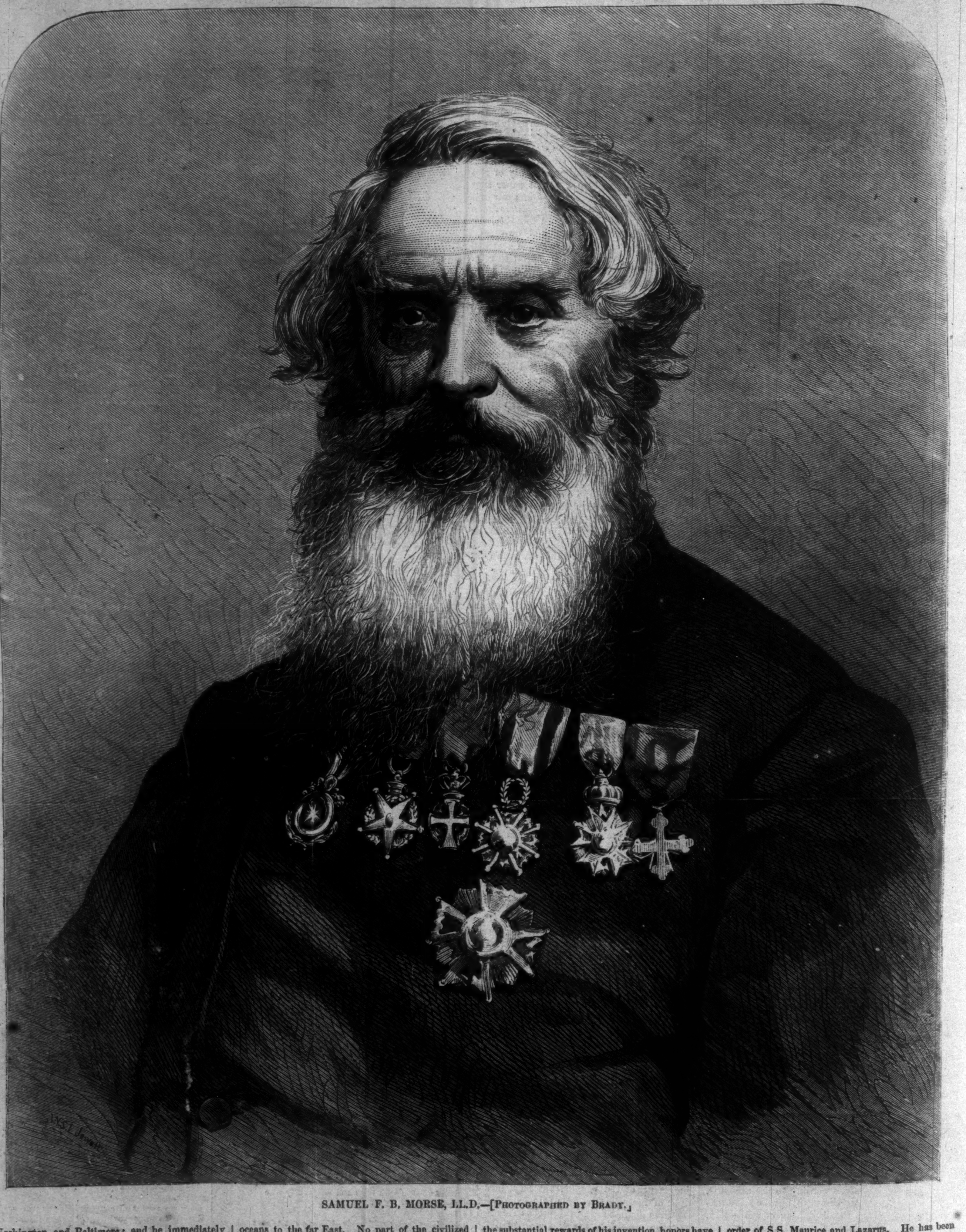
Samuel Finley Breese Morse was the eldest son of Jedediah Morse, D.D., who was influential as a clergyman, and celebrated as the father of American geography. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. After a liberal education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810, he went to England with Washington Allston, to study painting, for which he had developed decided talent, under the joint tuition of Allston and Benjamin West. Not content with pursuing one branch of art, he added to the study of painting that of sculpture, and in 1813 received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts for an original model of a "Dying Hercules."

After a thorough and successful course as an art-student abroad Mr. Morse returned to the United States in 1815, and practiced his profession in New York. There was no national association of artists in this country at that time, and it was not until the year 1824 that, in connection with some other artists of New York, he organized a drawing association, which, after a variety of obstacles and struggles, finally resulted in the establishment in this city, in the year 1826, of the present honored and useful "National Academy of Design." Mr. Morse was chosen President of the institution, and was reelected to that office for sixteen years. In 1829 he returned to Europe to prosecute his studies in art more extensively, and resided for more than three years in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence abroad he was elected to the professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York; and in the year 1835 he delivered a course of lectures before that institution upon art. But, though devoted to the fine arts, he was also deeply interested in various departments of science, and especially in chemistry. While yet a student in Yale College he had pursued the study of chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, under the guidance of the late Professor Silliman and Professor Day, and his love for scientific research and experiment continued to increase after he left college, till it became his controlling pursuit. As early as 1826 he was a colleague lecturer with Professor Dana, at the Athenæum, in New York city; the former lecturing upon the fine arts, while Professor Dana lectured upon electro-magnetism. They became intimate friends, and Morse pursued the subject of electro-magnetism in conversation and study with his friend. The first electro-magnet ever exhibited in the United States is now in the possession of Professor Morse, and the spiral coil used by Professor Dana suggested the electro-magnet which is now used in every Morse-telegraph throughout the world.

It was in the autumn of 1832, when Mr. Morse was returning to America on board the packet-ship *Sully*, that, in a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity of electricity and magnetism, he conceived not merely the idea of the electric telegraph but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. There is no question as to this origin of the present telegraph. Mr. Morse's testimony to his acts and drawings made on board of the ship has been confirmed before the courts by the testimony of all the passengers but one, who were with him upon the vessel, and the evidence was regarded as conclusive by the judges.

Though the idea was conceived, and a portion of the drawings and apparatus constructed in 1832, it was not until 1835 that he completed the first telegraphic recording apparatus. This was comparatively rude, and enabled him only to communicate between two points, distant half a mile; and it was not until July, 1837, that, by the construction of a second instrument, he was able to work from both extremities of his line. In that year he had completed two instruments, and could work his telegraph from each end of the line. Early in September of 1837 he exhibited to hundreds the operation of his system at the University of New York. The feasibility and usefulness of the invention having been thus demonstrated, Mr. Morse applied to Congress in 1838 for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore to demonstrate publicly the utility of the telegraph. Like all great inventions it was received coldly, with skepticism, and even with ridicule; and the session of 1837–'38 closed without any encouragement, except the favorable report of the Congressional Committee.

By no means discouraged, Morse proceeded to Europe to endeavor to awaken the interest of European Governments in his invention, and secure a patent for it. He was refused letters patent in England, in France he only secured a useless *brevet*, and obtained no exclusive privilege in any other country. Thus repulsed and baffled he returned to America, to struggle again for four years with slender resources and frequent discouragements, but still possessed of a determination to interest his countrymen in the invention. Throughout the session of 1842–'43 Morse was indefatigable in pressing his invention upon the attention of Congress, and though the last day of the session had waned, and he had retired disheartened and weary, his object was secured by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, granted in the expiring hour of the midnight session. He was startled by the news on the morning of March 3, 1843, that Congress had voted this amount for the construction of a telegraph between



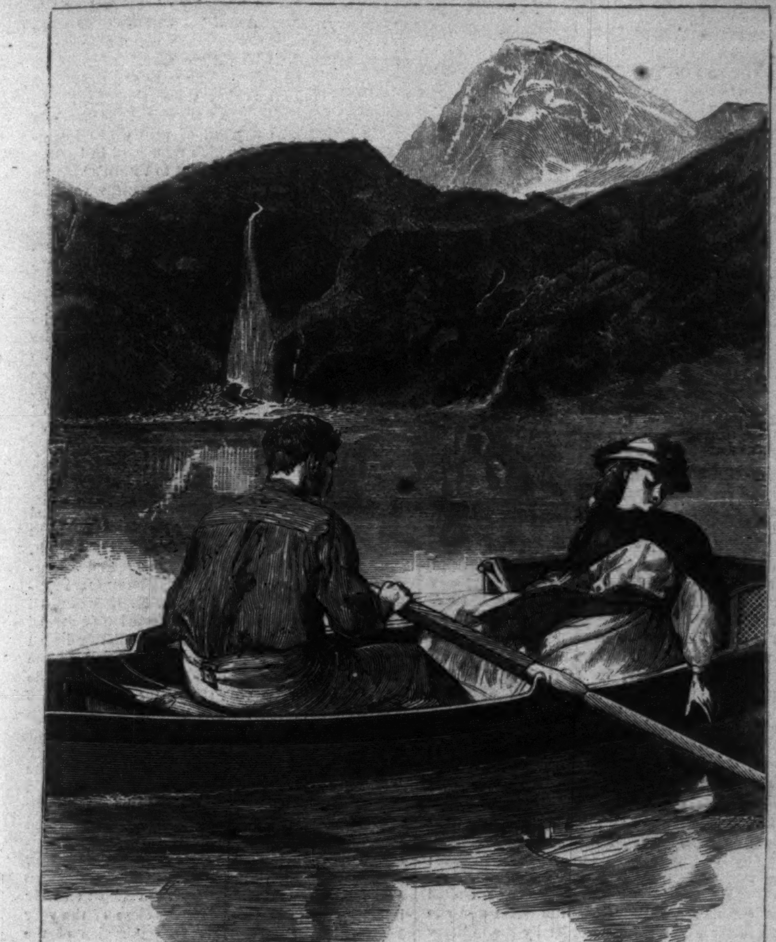
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, LL.D.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Washington and Baltimore; and he immediately commenced the work, which was completed in 1844, and satisfactorily demonstrated to the world the utility and value of the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphs.

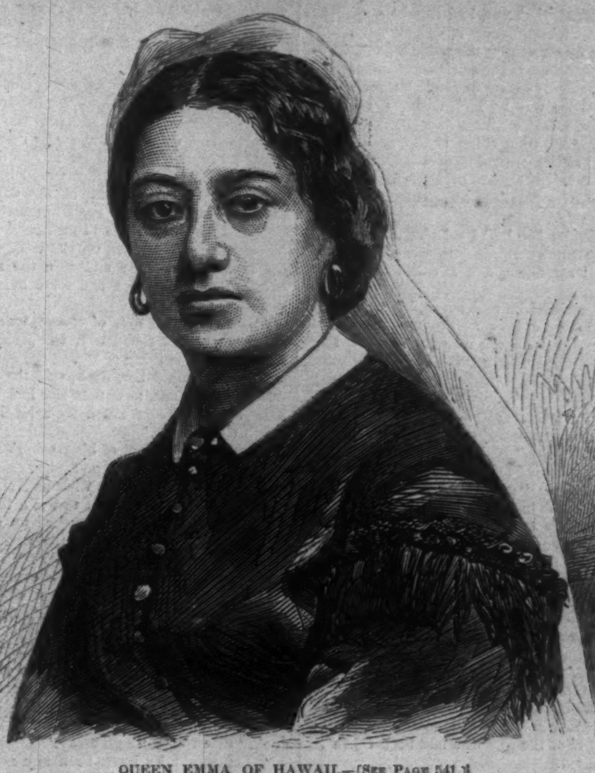
In the twenty-two years since its first establishment its lines have gone out through all the earth. They extend upon this continent, in various directions, more than fifty thousand miles. They climb the Rocky Mountains, and stretch across the lonely plains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The system is adapted in every country of the eastern continent, from the extreme north of Russia, where the wires are almost ready to be linked within the Arctic circle to those that are sweeping up the Pacific coast to Behring's Straits, down to the Italian and Spanish peninsulas · they dive beneath the seas to Egypt, and find their way over deserts and under oceans to the far East. No part of the civilized world is without the electric girdle, and even across the Atlantic the great cable, now in successful operation, has established telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds. And if this should fail, in a very short time the Overland Telegraph will establish a continuous line of communication by land between New York and London *viâ* St. Petersburg.

The immense value of Morse's invention to the world may be estimated from the fact that, while the old system of Semaphore telegraphs *cost* the French Government annually more than a million of francs, the Morse telegraph *added* to the revenue, in three years, more than six millions. Professor Morse's claim upon the gratitude of civilized nations has been recognized as that of no other inventor who ever lived. Besides reaping at length the substantial rewards of his invention, honors have been showered upon him by national academies and universities, by scientific associations and sovereign potentates. Yale College conferred upon him the complimentary degree of LL.D. in 1848, and in the same year the Sultan of Turkey decorated him with the diamond badge of *Nishan Iftichar*. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the kings of Prussia and Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria. In 1856 the Emperor of the French presented him with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in the following year Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 the Queen of Spain conferred the cross of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. From the King of Portugal he received the badge of knighthood of the order of the Tower and Sword; and from the King of Italy the decoration of Knight of the order of S.S. Maurice and Lazarus. He has been elected member of all the prominent European scientific and art academies; but the most distinguished and unusual honor was the collective testimonial of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, Turkey, and the Roman Pontiff, amounting to four hundred thousand francs, presented as a personal reward to Mr. Morse for his useful labors.

Americans, English, and French have united in giving him banquets and ovations, and his services have been fully recognized wherever civilization has made mankind acquainted with his invention. He still lives in the enjoyment of a happy and illustrious lot, esteemed by all his countrymen, and in a green old age derives merited pleasure from the contemplation of the beneficent results of his genius, his struggles, and his persevering industry.



"AUTUMN TOURISTS."



QUEEN EMMA OF HAWAII.—[SEE PAGE 541.]

AUTUMN TOURISTS.

THEY were rowing over a summer lake,
A lake deep blue and without a curl,
Save just the ripple the oars would make,
And the shoreward streak of pearl.

High over the water the mountains rise,
Deep under the water the mountains fall;
You may fathom the depths and mete the skies,
But the heart is deeper than all.

Some one said, "We shall miss you so,
Robin, when you are away so far!"
And he said, with a smile, "It is hard to go,
But things must be as they are."

"He can smile, so will I," she thought,
With her rosy fingers over the brink;
"But oh! some lessons are hard to be taught;
Some cups are bitter to drink.

"The time that is past, like yonder shore,
Grows fainter and fainter under our sight;
God!" she prayed, "if I see him no more,
Help me to bear it aright!"

She groaned to herself, "I must look in his eyes,
And thrill and bear the touch of his hand,
Then go on alone 'neath the pitiless skies,
When the boat has touched the strand."

"Be a man, and care as little as she!"
Thought he, as they neared the farther shore;
"Love is not made for fellows like me,
So farewell for evermore."

"A pleasant time it has been," he said;
"I wish we could have it over again."
"Ay," all bitterly murmured her heart,
"For pleasure is kin to pain!"

"We see people better in foreign lands,
Perhaps the fogs are too thick in our own,"
She said, frankly giving him both her hands,
Not a touch of pain in her tone.

Then as the shore grated under the keel,
She said, as she lightly stepped from the boat,
"How real and solid the pebbles feel
After all one's visions afloat."

The white towns glistened and glowed in the light,
And the children gathered to gaze,
And the sun poured down with a pitiless might,
As they went their several ways.

Straining of eyes and waving of hands,
And the trifles that make or mar—
These must happen in all the lands,
And things must be as they are.

A COUNTRY STORY.

FEW things in this world are pleasanter than a far-away ramble into the country on a fair summer day, when the skies have just clouds enough to shape themselves into pictures as they float idly over the heavens. For it would not suit our quiet English scenery to have a cloudless canopy of dazzling blue raised over it. We want a sky that harmonizes with our landscape, with our feelings; that makes for itself a voice, and tells us not to forget the clouds amidst the sunshine; that gives us a sense of life whose beauty is not stillness, not a life whose sensuous beauty is so potent that it weighs us down, and we can do no more than lift our heads from a delicious, enervating lethargy, and just breathe out the words, "How beautiful!" Something more than this monotone of beauty is needful to us, and without our being conscious of it our June skies tell us this, and stir up in our hearts the feeling that drew forth those golden verses of the poet:

> I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty—
> Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
> Toil on sad heart courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy life to be
> A noontide light and truth to thee.

But where am I wandering? Far away from shady lanes and hedges fragrant with wild honey-suckle, where the cool elder flowers display their tufts of tiny blossom, that make me think of Hans Christian and sumach-trees, and tea-pots, and all kinds of things that are not a bit like them. And while I have gone into a reverie I am suddenly startled by a blaze of color, and a bank covered with lilac mallow and scarlet poppies, surmounted by a perfect wall of wild roses, meets my eye. The wild dogwood and young ivy-leaves tone it down a little, so does the wheat-field, waving like a sea of green billows, that the five-barred gate opens upon, and making me ponder what a wise provision it is that the hunting-season is over before the summer comes. And on and on I go, my eye roaming over rich pasture-lands and fields, now alive with busy hay-makers, while the last notes of the cuckoo are sounding through the land, telling us, if we will only heed its cry, "I waked up the woods to summer, and cheered it with my song; it will miss me when I am gone, and will not linger long after me." I pause to rest by the river-side, where the blue forget-me-nots enamel the mossy banks, and strive for pre-eminence with the yellow water-flags, while the white water-lilies near carry away my thoughts to "Sabrina fair" knitting lily flowers into her flowing tresses.

And through the shadowy woods I half expect to see Oberon and Titania flitting with all their fairy train—and how do I know but that Puck may not be perched on the tall bulrush opposite to me?

And then I fall to musing upon myths and mythic personages in general. How myths suit themselves to different countries! What would the classic gods of Greece do amidst English scenery? Minerva moving majestically across the plain would have no charms for an English poet, and I question much if he would even recognize Venus as his type of beauty. The Muses, too, have not met with much personal adoration since the days of Queen Anne. Old Pan alone holds his ground here as in Greece, and Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads do not seem altogether out of place amidst our tangled forests.

Yet the mythic lore of England deals rather in giants, fairies, and enchantments. Instead of the labors of Hercules we have the feats of the Seven Champions of Christendom; and our want of hinds with brazen feet, Hydras, and other monstrosities is supplied by the Dun Cow, and the Dragon of Wantley. A half-way station we hold between the wild rude myth-heroes of the north, and the more refined gods and goddesses of the south, and our giants are a grade between rough, unkempt Skrymner, with his uncouth brothers, and the classic Titans.

But what has this to do with the story I am going to tell you?

Just this—the foundation-stone of all my mythic superstructure was the one sentence, "It all came from a hatful of beans."

And then I sailed backward up the stream of Time, and landed at a fair haven where were three tiny urchins poring over picture-books, and the title of one of the books was "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A curly-headed little rascal with wonderful eyes and unsmooth hair was diving into its pages, and every now and then he made his comments aloud,

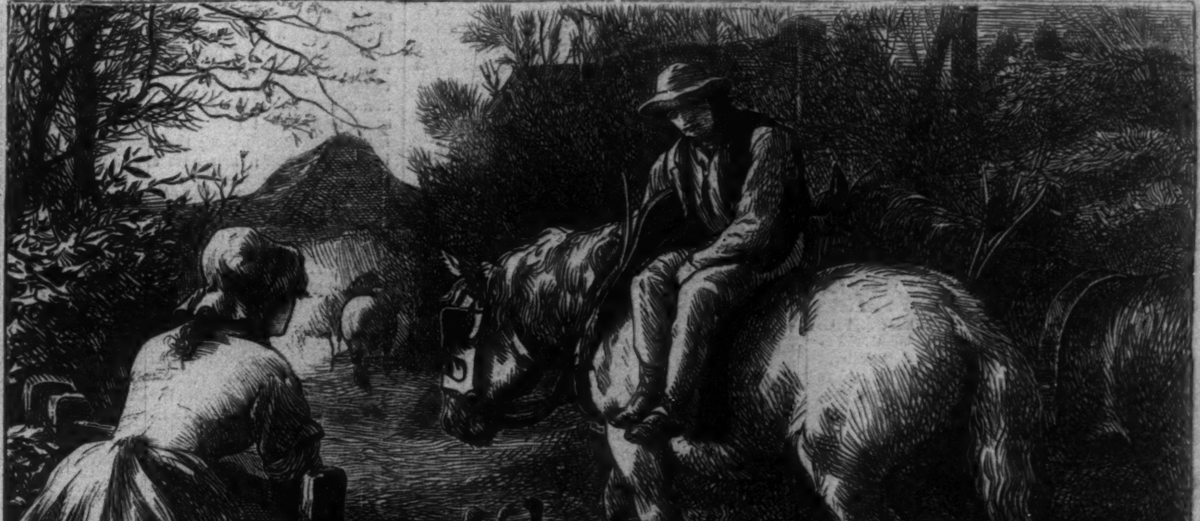
"I wish I had a hatful of beans like Jack's; wouldn't I make my fortune!"

And then, returning from my mental excursion, I asked my friend,

"What came of a hatful of beans?"

"This," said he, pointing to a jolly black-timbered farm-house, of such pretension that it earned for its owner the title of Squire Bligh; though, to tell the truth, he had no more right to it than any of his neighbors.

But there was such a wealth of treasure in that house that it guaranteed respectability; and no one ever entered the doors without feeling, as Miss Matilda Tomkin, a lady who read all the periodicals of



EVENING.

the day, observed, that you had caught a glimpse of the luxuries and appliances of Oriental life.

This might be stretching the point a little, inasmuch as the luxurious items contained in the apartments were decidedly owing to English upholstery; nevertheless, there was no lack of ivory carving, curious screens, inlaid cabinets and ebony caskets, rich striped fabrics, tiger skins, shells, and no one knew what; but the general impression was that it would take a fabulous time to make an inventory of the whole, however practiced an appraiser might be employed.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.

"Who *was* Squire Bligh, you mean," returned my friend. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."

So I sat down, and he told me as follows: and I have been thinking of it ever since, and weaving it into my thoughts with the memory of those tiny children intent upon their marvelous picture-books.

"Nigh forty years ago there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle, good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief, and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.

"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the farmers round; this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call to him:

"'Jack!'

"'Here I be,' said Jack, stopping the horses and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. 'Hoy!' he ejaculated, in a tone expressive of astonishment and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"'What be you doing here, Nelly?'

"'Waiting to see you, Jack.'

"'That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me,' said he, somewhat bitterly.

"'That's just what I came to tell you,' returned the little maiden.

"'Then you don't care about me?' said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"'Care! why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not.'

"'But you might, Nelly.'

"'Might, indeed! I mightn't do any thing of the sort. At any rate, I don't.'

"'Then what did you come here for?'

"'To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"'There's plenty to do that,' returned the lad.

"'Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?'

"'I don't know what to begin at.'

"'Your mother's a nice bit of garden, Jack.'

"'I've nothing to put in it,' answered Jack, despondingly.

"'Nonsense!' said Nelly; 'what a faint heart you have! I'll give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute.'

"So Jack put up the horses and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along, with her apron f[illegible] of something.

"'Here,' said she, 'hold your hat.' She poured the beans into it, and he went home.

"Next day Jack took a spade and worked away diligently for two hours.

"'What's come to thee, lad?' said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"'Nelly Giles is a good lass,' quoth Jack; 'and if ever I get rich I'll marry her.'

"'Thee get rich!' said the Widow Bligh; and she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"'Strange things happen sometimes,' returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though his life depended on it.

"The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbors thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate, he had set to work in earnest, and he soon found plenty to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favorite.

"Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown half a head taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

"It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it, Nelly used to be so friendly. 'Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me,' said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

"When he went to say 'Good-by' to her he did it in rather a blundering way.

"'Maybe I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly,' said the poor lad, looking wistfully at her.

"'Maybe you will,' retorted Nelly, 'if I find any one I like while you are away.'

"And so they parted, and both repented their speeches when it was too late to recall them.

"'Well, what is to be is to be,' soliloquized Jack, endeavoring to find consolation therein; 'but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever be my wife.'

"When Jack was gone Nelly went very often to see the Widow Bligh, and was a great comfort to her; and their conversation always turned upon Jack.

"A year passed away and no tidings came of him. Then another, and the two women did not talk so much now, but they sat quietly at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

"At the beginning of the next year Nelly was summoned to her home in a distant county. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and through the spring and into the summer she watched and watched, and every morning, as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow.'

"And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village street into his mother's cottage; and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"'Never mind her, Jack, said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"'It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

"Yet would he have been any nearer had he staid at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighborhood who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale, thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a wagoner who was passing whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"'Ay,' replied the man, 'she be.'

"'And has Jack come home?'

"'Jack, indeed!' said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the hatful of beans, and her heart died within her.

"'He'll not care for the like of me,' said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the shock had been too great for her toil and travel worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The wagoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished Squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll.

"'Measter, measter! if here bean't Nelly Giles!'

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the bans were put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farm-house to this day, and the Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and so it's been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do: but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the hatful of beans."

"And where had Nelly been all those years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor, weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she traveled down to see if Jack had come home; for, of course, she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry any one else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

* * * * * *

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend which the little ones in the fair haven were poring over, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans? And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage while he went into far-off lands to bring home gold and treasures? And did not they end their days in affluence, just like Jack and his mother in the time-honored story.

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT.

We give on our first page, and on pages 536 and 537, illustrations of the riot in New Orleans on July 30. On page 540 we publish portraits of **John T. Monroe**, Mayor of the city, and **A. P. Dostie**, who was mortally wounded in the riot.

We propose to give as correct an account of this disgraceful affair as is now possible. The results of more complete investigations have not yet been published, and in very many respects the evidence now before the public is unsatisfactory and contradictory. It is proper, in the first place, briefly to refer to the work of

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA.

Upon the capture of New Orleans by Admiral **Farragut** and General **Butler**, the government of the city and such portions of the State as were under the control of our army was purely military. The functions of the disloyal government previously existing were suspended, including those of the judicial branch. For a time all questions, civil and criminal, as well as military, were referred to **Butler** as sole arbiter, though he frequently consulted his army officers, especially those of his staff, and in some cases civilians, as to the merits of the cases presented. Of course, under such conditions, justice was uncertain and accidental. During the summer of 1862 **Butler** instituted a court known as the Provost Court of the United States Army, having at first only military jurisdiction, though before autumn it came to consider all the criminal cases of the city, and finally civil cases were laid before it.

In August General **George F. Shepley** was appointed Military Governor of Louisiana, and he set about instituting a judicial system. He revived the Second District Court of Orleans Parish, making **John S. Whittaker** judge; also the Sixth District Court, retaining as judge **R. K. Howell** (a loyalist), whose commission dated from before the war and was regularly derived from the State. Of the Fourth District Court **J. Hiestand** was appointed judge. On the 15th of December the officers of the Provisional Court of Louisiana arrived in New Orleans from New York. This court was ordered by President **Lincoln**. **Charles A. Peabody** of New York was appointed judge. The court had jurisdiction over all cases, especially such as come usually before the District Courts of the United States. Finally, in April, 1863, the Supreme Court of the State was revived with Mr. **Peabody** as Chief Justice.

The movement for a reorganization of the State Government began in February, 1863, when the question was brought before the principal Union Associations of New Orleans. The plan adopted in these associations assumed that the State Constitution had been destroyed by rebellion and could not again go into operation. The plan favored reorganization by the people without military interference; a new registration of citizens, in which should be inscribed the names of all citizens of the United States six months resident in the State and one month in the parish; and an order by the military for an election of delegates to frame a new Constitution—one delegate for every 2500 of the white population. An executive body, called the "Free State Committee," was appointed by the associations, with five delegates from each. Of this Committee **Thomas F. Durant** was chosen President. Governor **Shepley** approved of the plan of the Committee, and appointed Mr. **Durant** Attorney-General of Registration. The oath required of voters was simply the oath of allegiance and an attestion to the required term of residence.

Meantime delegates from a meeting of planters had been sent to Washington, to lay before President **Lincoln** a different plan of reorganization—a plan proceeding upon the validity of the Constitution as it existed before secession. It should be stated here that Louisiana has had four changes in her Constitution since her admission to the Union under the Constitution of 1812. A new Constitution was adopted in 1845, another in 1852; in 1860 the Secession Convention made considerable modifications in the Constitution of 1852; and the Constitution now in operation was adopted in 1864. President **Lincoln** listened to the delegates from the meeting of planters, but refused at that time to commit the Government.

Thus, in the summer of 1863 there were two distinct parties on the question of reorganization—the Conservatives, represented by the "Executive Central Committee," holding to the Constitution of 1852, and the Radicals, represented by the "Free State Committee," claiming that a Convention should be called to submit to the people a new Constitution. In the fall no general election was held by the Conservatives, but it was claimed that in some parishes members of Congress had been elected; but these persons, though they took part in the organization of Congress upon its first meeting in December, were not afterward recognized as members. Previously, in 1862, it will be remembered that an election of members of Congress had been ordered, pursuant to President **Lincoln**'s orders, and Messrs. **Hahn** and **Flanders** took their seats in the House, February 9, 1863; their term expiring on the 4th of March ensuing.

In the mean while General **Banks** superseded General **Butler**, and on the 11th of January, 1864, issued a proclamation ordering an election of State officers (Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Auditor of Public Accounts), to be held on February 22, which officers should "constitute the civil government of the State under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana, except so much of the said Constitution and laws as recognize, regulate, or relate to Slavery." The qualifications for voters were the oath of allegiance, with the condition affixed to the elective franchise by the laws of the State.

The same proclamation announced that an election would be held in April, 1864, for delegates to a Convention for the revision of the Constitution. No election was ordered for members of Congress, but it was announced that arrangements for that purpose would soon be made. **Banks** declared martial law to be the fundamental law of the State.

The Radicals were displeased with the proclamation, and considered it arbitrary. Mr. **Michael Hahn** was nominated for Governor by **Banks**'s supporters; Mr. **Benjamin F. Flanders**, by the Radicals; and **J. Q. A. Fellows**, by the Conservatives. **Hahn** obtained 3625 votes, **Flanders** 1007, and **Fellows** 1139.

The inauguration of Governor **Hahn** took place March 4, 1864, and the ceremonies on that occasion were interesting and imposing. The day was ushered in like a Fourth of July. There was very great popular enthusiasm, which extended even to the school children, who took an important part in the display. A great multitude were assembled in Lafayette Square, where there was an immense amphitheatre, in which were seated nearly 6000 gayly-dressed children. The stars and the stripes were as ubiquitous as they were triumphant. In front of the amphitheatre were seated the members of the orchestra, composed of nearly 300 instruments, with 40 anvils, which were used in beating out the metallic accompaniment to **Verdi**'s "Anvil Chorus." General **Banks** was present, with Generals **Hamilton**, **Reynolds**, **Stone**, **Camer[illegible]**, and **Bowen**; and among the prominent civilians were the Hon. **Christian Rozelius** and Judges **Peabody**, **Hiestand**, and **Howell**. Those who were there now contrast sadly the dignified, self-possessed Governor **Hahn**, in his "suit of black, with white vest and soft, mouse-colored felt hat," as he then appeared, and this same man as the supporter of a revolutionary convention, now lying prostrate under blows inflicted by cowardly and murderous assailants. There is the same sad contrast furnished by the beautiful and solemn festivities of that 4th of March—a day devoted to harmony and reconciliation, and this recent 30th of July—a day dedicated to revolution and discord!

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held March 28, 1864. There were 95 delegates, of whom 63 were from Orleans Parish. The Convention assembled on April 6, and was organized by the election of **E. H. Durell**, President, he having 43 votes and **R. K. Howell** 42. After a session of 78 days the Convention adjourned July 25. A proclamation was immediately issued by the Governor, appointing September 5 as the day upon which a vote should be taken upon the Constitution. The vote stood: for adoption, 6836—for rejection, 1566. The vote of New Orleans was: 4634 for, and 789 against.

This Constitution, thus ratified, abolished slavery unconditionally, decreed the education of all the children without distinction of color, and directed that all men, white or black, should be enrolled for the public defense. At the same election by which the Constitution was ratified five members of Congress were elected—Messrs. **Bonzano**, **Field**, **Mann**, **Wells**, and **Taliaferro**. A Legislature was also elected, the members of which were almost entirely in favor of a free State. At the close of the year 1864, notwithstanding this reorganization of the State Government, there was more than three-fourths of the State to which it was not safe to send military supplies.

The Constitutional Convention, though it had it in its power to establish universal suffrage, or to restrict the suffrage of white citizens, did not adopt either of these measures. General **Banks** while yet in command at New Orleans said:

> "It was with much hesitation that the mass of people entered into measures for the organization of Government. Some were ready, but others reluctant. Revolution makes the mass of men timid. It required the strongest representations of public advantage to induce them to venture again into the stormy sea of politics. Had it been announced that the negroes, who were largely in the majority, against the example, advice, and instructions of all branches of the Government, were to be admitted to the right of suffrage by military order, it would have resulted in an exclusive negro constituency."

After the reorganization of the State under General **Banks**'s order, Louisiana—or that portion of it within our military power—was treated by the Executive as restored to its normal relations to the General Government. Under the call for troops issued in December, 1864, a draft was ordered to take place in the Department of the Gulf (then under General **Canby**) February 15, 1864. But the members of Congress elected in September were not admitted to their seats. A majority of the Committee, to whom their credentials had been submitted, reported in favor of their admission, but their report was not acted upon, though Congress appropriated money for defraying the expenses of the Louisiana delegation. Upon reviewing the Congressional debates on this question we find that Congress claimed that it was its work to reconstruct the State, and not the President's, and that there was a want of harmony between the Executive and Legislative Departments of the Government on the subject of reconstruction very similar to that which exists now between President **Johnson** and the Thirty-ninth Congress.

THE END OF THE WAR.

On March 4, 1865, Governor **Hahn** resigned, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor **Wells**. It should be remembered that **Hahn** and **Wells** had both been nominated by each of the State Conventions—that of the Free State Party, and that of the extreme Radical Party, of which **Thomas J. Durant** was the acknowledged leader.

Soon after **Wells** assumed the office of Governor the war was at an end, and the paroled soldiers of the rebel army returned to their homes in large numbers, New Orleans receiving the lion's share. All under certain grades were restored to citizenship upon taking the amnesty oath. On the 2d of June the rebel Governor **Allen** declared his administration at an end. Eight days afterward Governor **Wells** issued a proclamation to the people of the State, remarkable for its wisdom and for the spirit of conciliation which it evinced. Whatever, he said, may have been the bitterness of the past, it is better that it be buried out of sight forever. It is not the past, but the present and future, we have to deal with. He invited the whole people to participate in re-establishing the civil government. They were to elect officers, and in regard to officers to be appointed by him, he invited their advice, promising to act upon their recommendations, if they selected men of proper character.

The judges of District Courts were made by the new Constitution appointive by the Executive for a term of six years, and he invited their recommendations. He urged prompt and unanimous action; and in nearly all the parishes (or counties) the call was responded to by the people.

On September 21 Governor **Wells** issued a proclamation ordering an election on November 6 for State officers and Members of Congress.

The people divided into two principal parties, the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union*. The first of these ignored the Constitution of 1864, and favored a new convention to frame a Constitution expressing the will of the entire State; declared that the Government was one "of white people, made and to be perpetuated for the exclusive benefit of the white race;" and "that people of African descent can not be considered as citizens of the United States, and that there can in no event, nor under any circumstances, be any equality between the white and other races;" and claimed the right of compensation for emancipated slaves. The *National Conservative Union* party opposed the extension of suffrage to the negroes, and recognized the validity of the Constitution of 1864. There was also a large body of the people in favor of universal suffrage. These were known as the *Radical Republicans*. The rest of the State were the friends of the late rebel Governor Allen, whom they nominated to succeed Governor Wells, and the latter was nominated by both the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union* conventions. In accepting he said he considered both platforms in unison, and doubtless they were in one particular, namely, his nomination. Governor Wells received 22,312 votes, and Ex-Governor Allen 5497. In every parish but one the Democratic ticket for members of the Legislature was successful.

On November 13 the *Radical Republicans* held a mass meeting in New Orleans, at which resolutions were passed claiming the election of H. C. Warmouth as their delegate to Congress from "the Territory of Louisiana," in part by the votes of colored persons, amounting to 19,000. They resolved also that the State could only be restored "in the constitutional way" by petitioning Congress for admission whenever a majority of the *whole* people deem it expedient so to petition; and that the temper of the white voters, nine-tenths of whom were disloyal, made such a petition inexpedient at the present time.

November 23, 1865, the Legislature assembled at New Orleans, in an extra session called by the Governor. At the beginning of the year Messrs. Hahn and R. King Cutler had been elected United States Senators. The Governor now repudiated their election, and called for a new one. Messrs. Randall Hunt and Henry Boyce were elected in their place. The Lower House opened the question of a Convention for drafting a State Constitution, and a majority of the Committee to whom the question was referred reported in favor of a new Convention. It was taken for granted, in the consideration of this question, that the Convention of 1864 had no longer any thing more to do with the matter. The report of the Committee was, however, never acted upon.

GOVERNOR WELLS'S POSITION.

In the mean time Governor Wells seems to have found that the confidence which he reposed in the people of his State had been abused. Let him speak for himself:

> "When Louisiana was restored to the lawful authority of the United States, what was my conduct toward the population of eighteen parishes reclaimed? Although I had been persecuted and driven from home by the rebel authorities, I suppressed all feeling of rancor so natural to the human breast under such circumstances, under a belief that a majority had been seduced from their allegiance to the old flag by wiles of artful demagogues who brought on the rebellion. I determined to try the effect of kindness and conciliation in winning them back to their first love. I addressed them a proclamation, congratulating them on their restoration to the protection of the government of law and order, and that, as far as I was concerned, I was willing to forget the past. I begged them to submit cheerfully and unreservedly to the new order of things, and assured them that although the State Government had been organized, yet I was anxious that a general election for its officers should be held, in which the whole State should participate. I fulfilled every word of my promises. I appointed the men recommended to fill offices in several parishes; I signed their applications to the President of the United States for special pardons; I persisted in my course of reconciliation, notwithstanding the warning and remonstrances of Union men who believed my policy would be unavailing in accomplishing the purpose intended, and who predicted that at the very first election those men in every Parish where they held the powers would proscribe every man from office who had not been in the rebel cause. These predictions have been realized to the letter at every subsequent election with the exception of my own case. And it is well known, for it was publicly avowed, that I was put at the head of their ticket simply because it was thought I could be useful in securing a representation of the State in Congress.
>
> "It is further well known that the platform reported by the Committee appointed for that purpose to the Democratic Convention held in this city, was a reiteration of the doctrines of the right of secession; and it was only through the exertions of a few of the more cautious and polite of the party that this platform was made to assume the form which was adopted. At the same Convention a well-known and live Democrat was publicly censured by resolution, because, in a speech delivered before that body, he said that secession was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. Notwithstanding my nomination by the Democratic Party, another candidate was put into the field in opposition to me, who had officiated as Governor under the rebel rule, and who, had he been in the country and signified his assent, I have no doubt would have been overwhelmingly elected. When the members of the Legislature met in extra session, in the month of November, 1865, convened by me for the purpose of raising money to restore the broken levees, and to take measures to redeem the credit of the State, I found them more intent on calling a Convention to change the Constitution of 1864 than to promote the general interests of the people. Their chief objection to that instrument was the character of the men who framed it and the abolition of slavery. Having failed at the extra session to pass a bill to call a Convention, the attempt was renewed at the regular session, held in the month of January, and more than half the time of that body was spent in discussing that question. Finally, a commission was sent to Washington to consult with the President, and the Legislature only abandoned the measure through his advice. I considered a Convention inexpedient, and for that reason opposed it. I had learned enough of the real sentiments of the people to convince me that if a new Constitution was made it would be less in harmony with the views of the President and Congress than the Constitution of 1864; the result of which would be to lessen the chances for the admission of our representatives."

THE CONVENTION OF 1864 REVIVED.

Now let us see what are Governor Wells's views as to the revived Convention of 1864:

> "Impressed with the truth of these views, foreseeing the necessity for the future security of the Union men in the South, that the amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the several States for ratification should prevail, and fully realizing the fact that the amendment would never be ratified by the present Legislature, I own I was in favor of the reassembling of the Convention of 1864, as the only means of securing the ratification required, and thereby to insure the admission of our Representatives in Congress. The legal right of the Convention to continue its functions is a question, I suppose, properly pertaining to the courts to decide. Senators and Representatives in Congress of great learning, and men of high legal attainments in New Orleans, have expressed the opinion that under the resolution of adjournment the Convention could lawfully assemble. A distinguished Democratic Senator in Congress took the same view. For myself, if I had any doubt on the subject, I have deferred to the opinion of abler men. The total number of delegates composing the Convention was one hundred and fifty. The number elected was seventy-two. The quorum was fixed at seventy-six, this number being a majority of the whole. There were twenty-seven parishes unrepresented in the Convention that were entitled to fifty-one delegates, and adding thereto ten vacancies to be filled would make sixty-one delegates to be elected. Besides these were some ten or twelve delegates who, disapproving of the emancipation clause, refused to sign the Constitution, and these may be ranked among the extreme Conservatives. Counting the sixty-one delegates to be elected to be of the same class, and the balance of the Convention Radical, it will be seen that parties would have been really equally divided. I have gone into these details to show the falsity of the charges that have been made that the Convention would not have represented the whole State, and that it was intended to be packed. Every parish would have been represented, about one half having elected their delegates in 1864, and the other half in 1866, making a just equilibrium of those who opposed and those who sustained the cause of the Confederacy. There are disfranchising clauses in the Constitution of 1864, but the much-abused members of that Convention had it in their power to have made a Constitution as stringent against those engaged in the rebellion as Tennessee and Missouri have done. They, however, pursued an opposite course, and trusted that these men would be actuated by a spirit of tolerance and forbearance in return for the liberality shown toward them."

This conviction as to insincerity of the party which elected him led Governor Wells to seek relief from the evils which he thought due to his too hasty policy of reconciliation, by turning to the Radicals, who were determined to revive the Convention of 1864. He therefore gave his official sanction to the reassembling of this Convention by issuing writs for the election of delegates in parishes unrepresented in 1864, and to fill the places of those whose convictions would not allow of their participation in the action of the Convention. President Johnson had advised against the Constitutional Convention, which, early in 1866, the Legislature had proposed, and had succeeded in preventing its election. He now opposed the revival of the Convention of 1864 on the ground that it was a usurpation of authority, since it did not fairly represent the State.

On the evening of July 27, in the Hall of the House of Representatives at New Orleans, there was an enormous mass meeting held. There was a large audience both in the hall and outside, a large majority of which were freedmen. Speeches were made in which it was represented that Congress was not satisfied with the Constitution of 1864 because it did not give them the right to vote; Governor Hahn told them they ought to hold office as well as the white men; the Hon. Rufus Waples told them they were better educated in politics than the white rebels and better fitted to vote—that Louisiana had now no Constitution, and that they were "in their primitive capacity;" Judge Hiestand spoke to the same effect. The speeches were not perhaps, on the whole, as violent as they have been represented in some quarters. The most intemperate speech made was by A. P. Dostie, a prominent member of the Convention, who appealed to the freedmen to indorse the actions of the Convention, and to come out in arms for its protection.

THE RIOT.

The Convention met on Monday, July 30, at noon. Only one-sixth of the body was present. Whatever its designs may have been, it certainly had as yet committed no overt act of revolution. Unfortunately the temper of the preliminary meeting on the 27th had stimulated the resistance to the Convention which already existed. The municipal authorities had, upon consultation with General Baird, determined not to interfere with the Convention unless disturbances should ensue. A disturbance was feared, and the authorities were partially prepared to meet it. Attorney-General Herron had asked advice of President Johnson in regard to the military, and the President had replied that it must be subordinate to, and support the action of, the civil authorities. Every body knew that under the circumstances, and especially if the negroes should come out armed as Dostie had bidden them, a collision was inevitable. General Baird knew it, and it was his duty to have his force ready in hand for any emergency. No matter whether he believed the courts right in ordering the arrest of the Convention in case their meeting occasioned a disturbance, his orders from the President, his Commander-in-Chief, were to assist in executing the order of the courts, right or wrong. If he had been equal to the emergency, all the members of the Convention would have been conducted from their place of meeting in the Mechanics' Institute without harm, and the negroes would have been delivered from a murderous police and an infuriated mob.

There being no quorum present (by a lack of 50 members) the Sergeant-at-arms of the Convention was ordered to arrest and bring in the absentees. In the mean time a procession of the freedmen, numbering about one hundred, with a band of music in front and under the United States flag, marched through the streets of the city toward the Institute on Dryades Street, between Canal and Common, where the Convention was assembled. It was an insignificant body when compared with the negro population of New Orleans, and marching through the streets at this critical moment with arms in their hands, it was plainly the duty of the police to arrest them and place them where *they* at least could have no power to incite a riot. But the police of New Orleans appear to have had another object in view, and allowed the procession to march on to the Institute, where they were met with vociferous cheers from friends of both colors. Now it was too late to prevent the riot. All places of business were immediately closed, and those citizens of New Orleans who had determined at all events to break up the Convention gathered together at a concerted signal and proceeded "to the front." The magazine, ready for momentary explosion, had received the spark, and unfortunately the spark had been received in such a manner as to give an excuse for throwing the responsibility of what followed upon the freedmen and the Convention. Unfortunately, we say, because the riot would have occurred in any case, as the citizens were determined to proceed violently against the members of the Convention, and it is only just that they should take their share of the responsibility for the events of the day. The Convention had *needlessly* set in motion the earliest movement looking toward violence.

The police now found it convenient to do what they should have done before, and proceeded to arrest the negro procession. The record of the police during the three hours of riot which followed is most shameful. They were confused with the mob of citizens, and seemed to vie with the latter in acts of murderous violence. It is true there were some noble exceptions, but these were not sufficient, unsupported by the military, to stay their companions of the police force or the equally ruthless mob.

It is sickening even to write the record of those three hours. The excitement exceeded that of a great battle, as the violence of the whirlwind exceeds that of an ordinary storm. If the Convention was illegal, as is admitted by some of its strongest supporters, what shall be said of the utter disregard of law and order exhibited by the agents of the municipal authority, and by the citizens of a city claiming pre-eminence above all the cities of the South?

Dryades Street, in front of the Institute, was crowded with the white and the colored friends of the Convention. At a little distance, on the corner of Canal and Dryades, was the mob of citizens, a crowd which "comprised men of every grade in society, including many young in years, who were brandishing revolvers in the air, and were seemingly anxious to be led on to the destruction of the Conventioners, and all of the freedmen near and in the building." A similar crowd had also assembled in Common Street, at the other end of the block in which the Institute is located. Many members of the police force were mingled with these crowds. They soon commenced firing on the freedmen in front of the building and drove them into it.

The police advanced to the entrance of the Institute and forced their way in. Several contradictory reports are given of what followed. There was firing on both sides—though which party took the initiative, or whether the assault was simultaneous on the part of both, seems uncertain. The members of the Convention were willing to peacefully surrender; but this appears to have been impossible in the confusion, being partly prevented by the crowd of negroes who had got themselves mixed with the Convention, and who, in fear for their lives, forcibly resisted the approach of the police, firing upon them as indiscriminately as they were themselves fired upon. At this time the mob and the police filled the sidewalk and the stairway of the building. Shots were fired through the windows from both in and outside, and bricks, paving-stones, clubs, and other missiles were thrown from both directions.

At this juncture those within the building, which was now effectually besieged, began to make their way out. As they passed out they were arrested—some of them being conducted safely outside, but these were very few. Most of those who attempted to get out were killed or wounded by the mob, the policemen, in many cases, assisting in the work of murder.

> "Governor Hahn," says an eye-witness, "who is lame and walks with a crutch, was met on the stairs as he came down and escorted out to the curb-stone by two policemen. On reaching the sidewalk he was surrounded by about twenty persons, who beat him on the back of the head with clubs, and he received a severe stab in the back, also a pistol shot from behind. It is probable that this shot was fired by a policeman. On reaching Canal Street he was placed in a carriage, and under the charge of the Chief of Police was taken safely to the lock-up. He owes his life to the Chief and his squad, as they prevented him from being lynched. Fish, Henderson, Shaw, and other members were treated likewise. On reaching the foot of the stairs they were beaten by the police and the mob, and after being rendered insensible were dragged off to jail. An attempt to lynch Fish was made on Canal Street, but the police in charge of him prevented it, although they nearly killed him themselves by beating him with the butts of their pistols. But few freedmen were arrested coming out of the building, as they were nearly all shot dead at sight.
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> "The Rev. Mr. Horton, a clergyman from New Hampshire, now in charge of a church in this city, officiated as chaplain of the Convention. I heard his prayer at the opening, in which he asked fervently that the lives of the members might be spared, and thanked God that peace had been declared in Europe, praying for the same blessing in this country. In a habit peculiarly ministerial, one which distinctly marked him as a clergyman, he came down stairs with a white handkerchief on his cane, intending to surrender himself peaceably. He was met, knocked down, trampled upon, kicked and beaten nearly to death, while begging for mercy. The police and their rioting friends were his assailants. Dr. Dostie, intending to surrender himself, also came down. He was shot, stabbed, and treated in the same manner as Horton, although he implored the ruffians to take him prisoner and spare his life. R. King Cutler and Judge R. K. Howell escaped without much injury, and chancing to fall into the hands of humane policemen were conveyed to prison almost uninjured."
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> "On Common, Baronne, Dryades, St. Charles, Rampart, and Carondolet streets freedmen were murdered by the police and the mob in cold blood. Standing in the door of the telegraph office on Carondolet, I saw about two hundred men chasing one negro along the sidewalk. Six policemen were nearest to him, and in advance of his pursuers. They emptied their revolvers into his back, and finally another one, when he was near enough to his victim to lay his hand on his shoulder, shot him in the head, and he fell dead into an alley. Another freedman trying to escape from the institute was climbing over a fence, when I saw him fall from a policeman's shot. As he struck the ground at least a dozen police and rioters surrounded him and fired their pistols into his head and breast, at the same time pounding him with clubs and canes. The blood flowed from wounds in his scalp, covering his entire face; but they continued their brutal assault until he breathed his last, although he several times raised his feeble and wounded arms to gesticulate for the mercy his tongue could not ask for.
>
> "I saw a white man draw a stiletto and strike it into the heart of a dying negro on Common Street. The blood spirted out in great red jets, staining the murderer's clothing, face, and hands. He got up and displayed the gory marks as though they were proud emblems of a praiseworthy deed. These and other incidents which I saw, suffice to show you how the freedmen were treated in a majority of cases. It is due to justice, however, to say that some of the policemen treated even the freedmen with moderation, and rescued them from death at the hands of the mob.
>
> "The police behaved, as a general rule, with extraordinary bravery and extraordinary cruelty. Probably fifty of them were wounded, several mortally. They were nearly all doubly armed, and used their arms with great effect and indiscriminate execution. As I have before remarked, some of them did their duty in protecting their prisoners, and all the prisoners who are now alive owe their lives to this fact. The mob would have lynched every white man in the building, and brutally murdered every black man, had it not been for a few gallant and chivalric policeman."

After the mob had spent its force, and by unnecessary violence the police had cleared the field, General Baird arrived upon the scene of action and issued a proclamation of martial law. General Sheridan, who was absent from the city during the disturbance, upon his return continued the operation of martial law, and on August 1 wrote the following dispatch to General Grant:

> "*General U. S. Grant, Washington, D. C.:*
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> "You are doubtless aware of the serious riot which occurred in this city on the 30th. A political body, styling itself the Convention of 1864, met on the 30th for, as it is alleged, the purpose of remodeling the present Constitution of the State. The leaders were political agitators and revolutionary men, and the action of the Convention was liable to produce breaches of the public peace. I had made up my mind to arrest the head men if the proceedings of the Convention was calculated to disturb the tranquility of the Department, but I had no cause for action until they committed the overt act. About forty whites and blacks were killed, and about 160 wounded. Every thing is now quiet, but I deem it best to maintain a military supremacy in the city for a few days, until the affair is fully investigated. I believe the sentiment of the general community is great regret at this unnecessary cruelty, and that the police could have made any arrest they saw fit without sacrificing lives.
>
> "P. H. Sheridan, Major-Gen. Commanding."

From an impartial review of this disgraceful affair we have come to the following conclusions:

1. That a disturbance would without doubt have followed the meeting of the Convention, even if there had been no negroes in the vicinity. The excitement was not one against the freedmen, but against the members of the Convention; and the former were implicated in the riot only because they were considered as protectors of the latter. Only a small portion of the freedmen of New Orleans were connected with the riot, and it is stated in all the reports that negroes engaged in their ordinary pursuits passed along the streets during the riot unharmed, while others standing in the vicinity as quiet spectators were not molested.

2. That there was an unfortunate misunderstanding between the municipal authorities and General Baird. The former were anxious to prevent the meeting of the Convention on the ground that it was a body likely to disturb the tranquillity of the city, but they would not take this course unless it was sanctioned by General Baird. The latter refused to give his sanction and on good grounds. The civil authorities, assured of a disturbance, and not wishing to overawe a Convention permitted by military authority, insisted upon sending only a small police force to the vicinity of the Institute, relying upon General Baird's promise that he would assist with the military force in suppressing any disturbance which might arise. This promise General Baird failed to keep; and,

3. That the Convention, whether legal or illegal, or whatever may have been its designs, can not fairly be said to have met or to have instituted any proceedings, there not being a quorum present; that it was discountenanced by five-sixths of its own members; and that although by the inflammatory speeches made by some of its members on the evening of July 27, it *invited* a riot, this invitation did not by any means *justify* the riot which followed, and which has no apology.

In regard to A. P. Dostie, who was murdered, we have little to say. He was violent in speech, but he was earnest in his convictions. He lived at New Orleans before the rebellion, but he stood out steadfastly for the Union. He was one of the most influential men, after the war, in the Free State party, to whose success he largely contributed. His murder was a disgraceful and cowardly act, for which there is no palliation.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

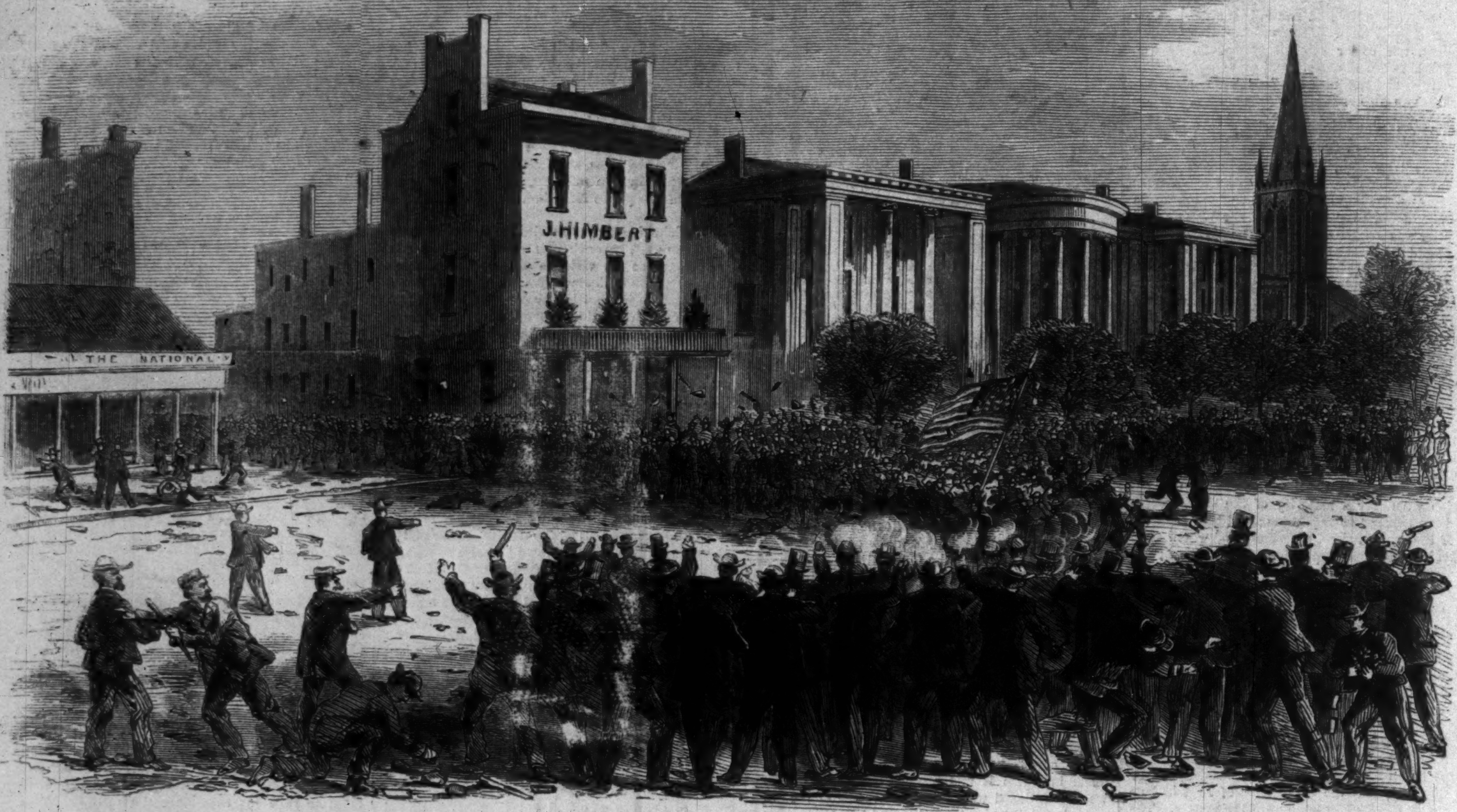
Yesterday the sun was bright,
  Beaming glory on the world;
Yesterday my heart was light,
  In its depths a hope impearled.
Now the low'ring clouds fall down,
Dimming Nature's purple crown,
And upon my soul a dread
Falleth like a weight of lead.

Yesterday rich diadems
  Glittering, from the bare trees hung,
And upon the sparkling stems
  Gay the merry robin sung.
Now the gusty rainsheets fall,
Flinging shadows over all;
And I gaze on yon dull stream,
Thinking o'er a vanished dream.

Yesterday an echoing tide,
  Floating from the long ago,
Through the bitter waves did glide,
  Thrilling all my being so!
Now it sinks beneath the wave,
And my hope has found its grave;
And I sit alone, alone!
Listening to the wind's low moan.

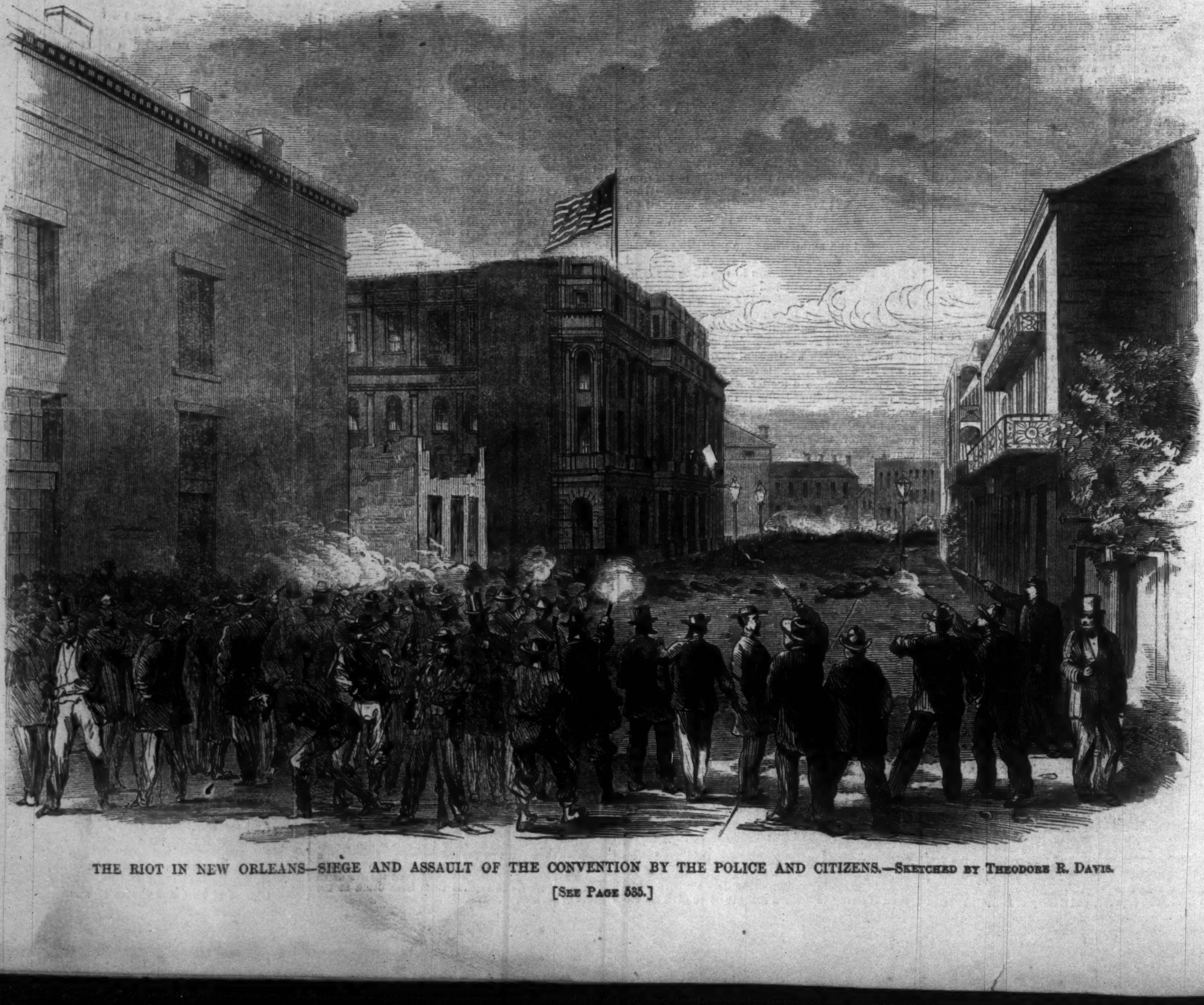
Yesterday—ah me, ah me!
  That the ear should ever hear,
That the eye should ever see
  Forms and voices once so dear!
Oh, how very small a ray
Lightens up a darkened way;
Oh, how very small a cloud
Folds the heart as in a shroud!

Yester-eve the moon arose
  With a hope-beam on her breast,
And my spirit found repose,
  And in dreams my life was blest.
But the morning brought me life,
Bound all round with care and strife;
So the shadows come and go,
Gleams of bliss and shades of woe.



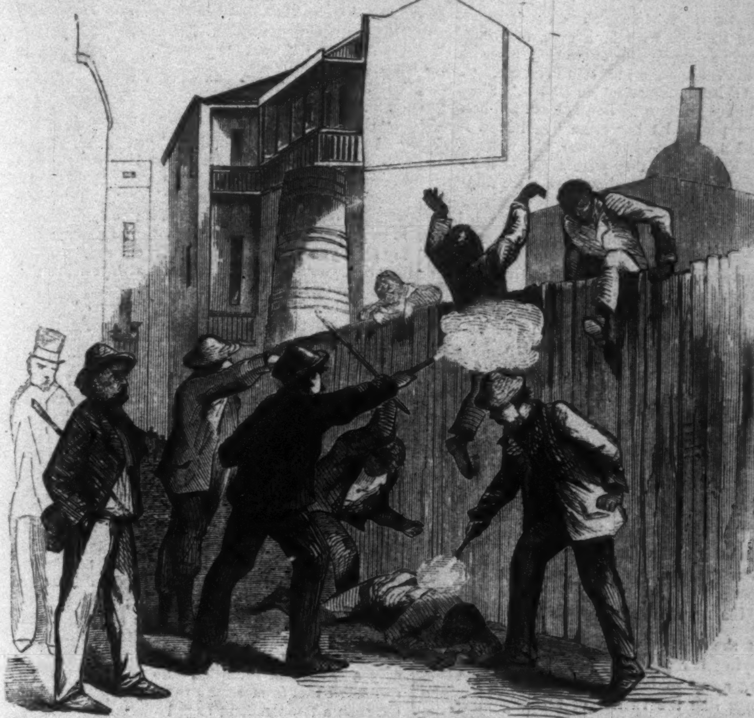
THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FREEDMEN'S PROCESSION MARCHING TO THE INSTITUTE—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FLAG.

[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

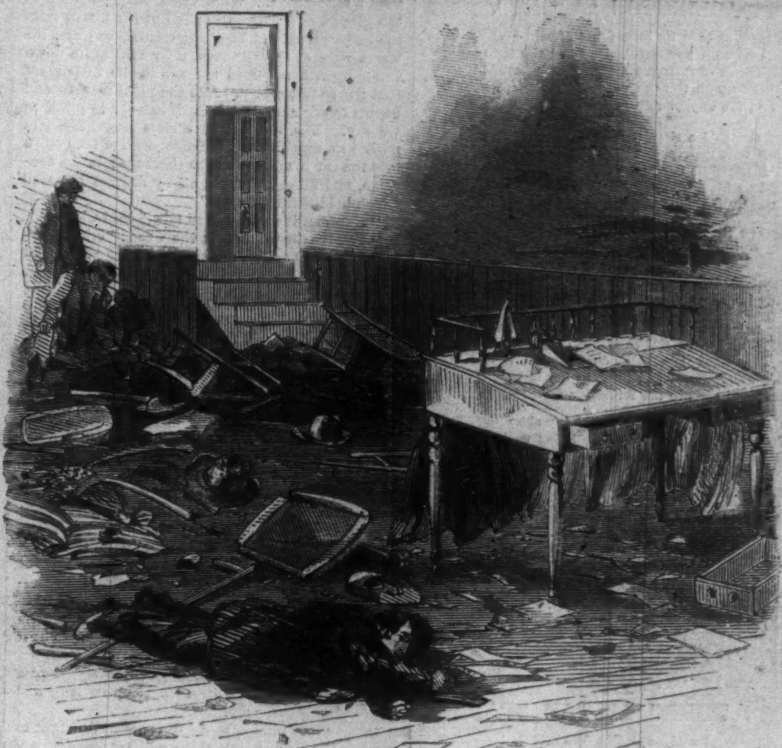


THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—SIEGE AND ASSAULT OF THE CONVENTION BY THE POLICE AND CITIZENS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.

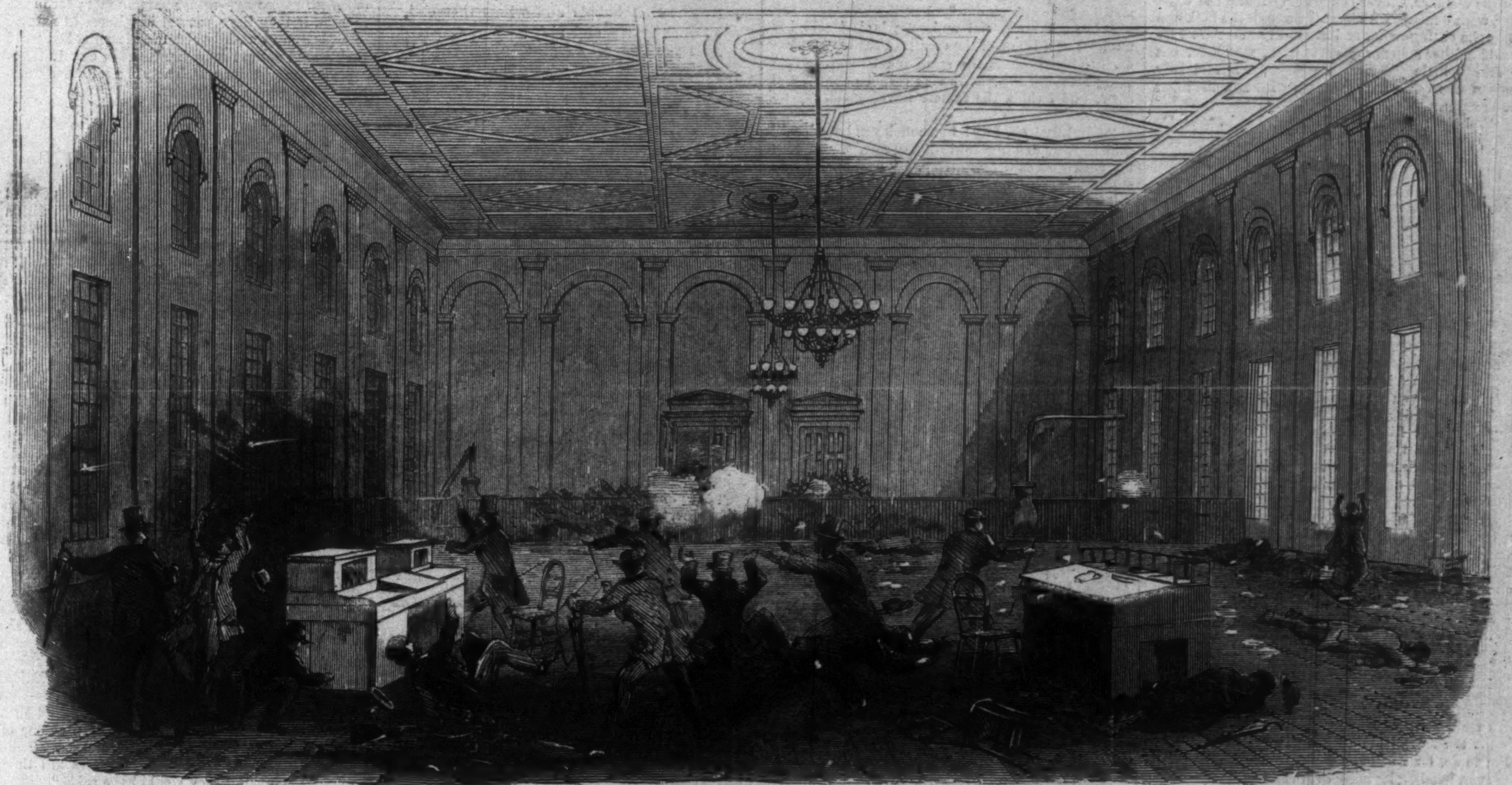
[See Page 535.]



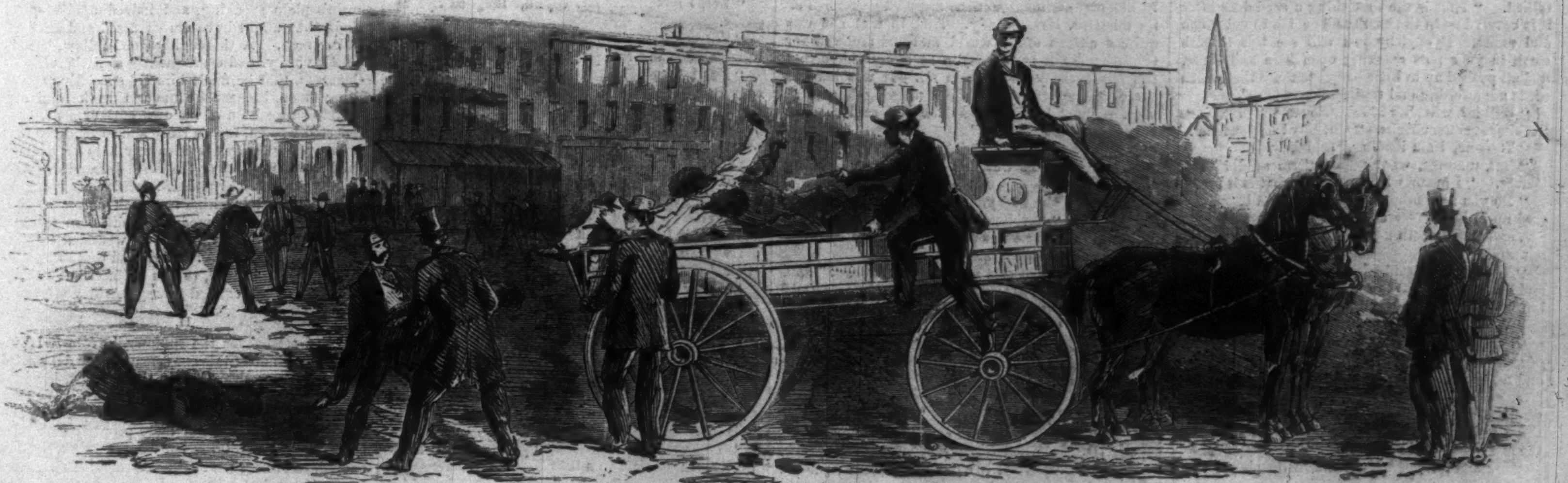
THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDERING NEGROES IN THE REAR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—PLATFORM IN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE AFTER THE RIOT.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—INTERIOR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE DURING THE RIOT.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—CARRYING OFF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED—INHUMAN CONDUCT OF THE POLICE.

[See Page 535.]

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

The summer blew its little drifts of sound—
Tangled with wet leaf-shadows and the light
Small breath of scattered morning buds—around
The yellow path through which our footsteps wound.
Below, the Capitol rose glittering white.

There stretch'd a sleeping army. One by one,
They took their places until thousands met;
No leader's stars flash'd on before, and none
Lean'd on his sword or stagger'd with his gun.
I wonder if their feet have rested yet.

They saw the dust, they join'd the moving mass,
They answer'd the fierce music's cry for blood,
Then straggled there and lay down in the grass:
Wear flowers for such, shores whence their tents did pass;
Sing tenderly, O river's haunted flood!

They had been sick, and worn, and weary, when
They stopp'd on this calm hill beneath the trees;
Yet, if in some red-clouded dawn again
The country should be calling to her men,
Shall the réveillé not remember these?

Beside them underneath the mid-day skies
The dreadful phantoms of the living walk,
And by low moons and darkness, with their cries—
The mothers, sisters, wives with faded eyes
That call still names among their broken talk.

And there is one who comes alone and stands
At his dim fireless hearth—chill'd and opprest
By Something he has summon'd to his lands,
While the weird pallor of its many hands
Points at his rusted sword in his own breast!

Washington, D. C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

But the minute the carriage was fairly out of sight and the last roll of the wheels had died away in the distance, Clover caught Lily round the waist and went dancing with her all through the hall, and into the sitting-room, and around that. And Lily could neither stop nor object at first; for Clover was a sturdy little piece, with strong arms, and Lily herself was quite out of breath with astonishment and exercise.

"What are you about?" she cried at last. "Do let me alone! What can you be thinking of, Clover? Let me go! I want to read."

Clover let her go and danced on by herself.

"I—want to think," she said, demurely, and panting a little too. "I want to get—my ideas in order. Just now—I don't know whether—rose-bugs are white muslins, or—pink foulards are flower-pots." And Clover went off with another whirl and a full burst of Yankee Doodle, much to Lily's indignation.

"How you do act!" she said. "White muslins aren't pink foulards—if that's what you want to know. Can't you be quiet, Clover? You do make such a noise!"

Clover stopped instantly.

"What do you want to do, Lily? Shall we go look at our seeds again?"

"No," said Lily, shortly. "I want to read. You can't see the seeds if you look." And Lily turned her back upon the bow-window, boxes, flower-pots, and all, and sat down in a corner of the sofa with her book.

Softly, and without even speaking to make a noise, Clover took little Prim's hand in hers and went toward the window; for even the outside of those panes of glass in her little box had a great charm for Clover.

"Will there really be so *very* few flowers?" said Primrose, looking anxiously up in her face.

"No indeed," said Clover. "I don't think so at all. I'm only afraid I sha'n't have room for them all. Why, Prim, I counted the seeds that I sowed in just one of my pots, and there were ten; and Mr. Vick says that kind must be set a foot apart when it's transplanted; and so that one little pot will want ten feet of my garden. I don't know what I'm to do, for I can't throw one of 'em away," said Clover, bending lovingly over the little box. "Oh! I wish I knew what my seeds are doing down in the earth!"

"They are growing larger every minute," said Mrs. May, for she had come in while the children talked. "That is the first thing a seed does after it is covered up in the earth and begins to get warm and moist. By-and-by you will see this smooth earth in your pots cracking open here and there, and all pushed up in little heaps, because the hidden seeds are swelling and taking more room."

"Will it? will they?" said Clover, the pink tinge flushing over her cheeks. "Oh, Lily! do you hear?"

"Yes—no, I am reading," said Lily.

"But, mamma, what makes them swell?" said Clover. "I mean, why do they? what is it for?"

"Do you remember when Prim was a baby, covered up in her cradle and fast asleep, how still she lay, and how smooth and undisturbed was her little silk quilt?"

"Yes indeed," said Clover. "I used to watch and listen sometimes to see if she was really breathing."

"Well, these seeds that you have just covered with soft earth are asleep. Hid away in each one of them is a tiny morsel of a plant, all crumpled up and folded in, as still and motionless as if it had no like. Even in a large seed like a bean it is very small, just a little stem and one or two leaves; and there it lies, fast bound in the hard outer-shell of the seed, waiting its time."

"Mamma, can you *see* this little plant?" said Clover.

"Yes, sometimes. If you split open a bean very carefully, you will see the tiny plant folded away between the two halves of the bean; but in very small seeds you would need a magnifying-glass, or even a microscope. Well, when the seed is put in the ground the hard outer shell grows moist, from the moist earth, and begins to crack open; and the warm rays of the sun send their heat quite down through earth and seed and all, to the little plant that lies so fast asleep. And the plant awakes, and begins to stir and stretch itself out—or to grow, as we say. The wee bit of a stem lengthens, and pushes its way through the outer-wall of seed down into the earth, and the leaves shoot up into the sunshine, and unfold, shaking off by degrees the seed which held them prisoner."

"Mamma, it's like a fairy tale!" said Clover.

"Yes, it's the princess in the wood!" cried Primrose. "She's asleep, and the sun is the prince that comes and kisses her till she wakes up."

"Something like that," said Mrs. May, smiling. "But oh how many princesses there are in every wood, in every foot of ground, on the rocks, and even in the streams! This is part of that wonderful work of the world which is going on all the time—part of what the sun was meant to do when God made two great lights, and set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth. And now the little stem which shot forth down into the ground begins to branch a little, throwing out tiny fibres, and becomes the root; taking in from the dark soil a part of the food on which the young plant lives, while at the same time the leaves expand at the upper end of the stem, and other leaves come out, and they take in the rest of its food from air and sunshine and drops of dew. So every plant begins its growth—the smallest flower and the tallest tree."

"It is almost too wonderful!" said Clover, drawing a long breath. "I shall have to think about it a great deal."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "the princess slept a hundred years; would the seed sleep so long and then wake up after all?"

"Not every kind of seed; they are as different as possible in this respect. Some will not grow if they are more than one year old, and but few after they are five or six; while some are good at sixty years old, and others must be sowed just as soon as they are ripe."

"Mamma, I don't understand yet *how* the seed does all this," said Clover; "how the leaves unfold and the roots stretch out."

"I think no mortal understands it," said her mother; "it is one of the secrets of the Lord's power. 'Thou blessest the springing thereof,' wrote King David of the earth's rich carpet of grass and corn; and I think the utmost learning can say no more."

"Oh, Lily! oh, Lily! how much you have lost!" said Clover, looking toward the sofa, where Lily lay curled up as if half asleep. "And all for that stupid book!"

"The book's not stupid," said Lily, slowly uncurling herself and getting up. "And I'm tired hearing about seeds; it's nothing but seeds, seeds, from morning to night!" And Lily stretched her arms about as if tired of the world generally.

"Did you have a pleasant visit from Maria, Lily?" inquired her mother.

"Mamma—it wasn't very long."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "she says she's had ten new frocks made just for summer—ten all for herself, mamma!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. May.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Lily, coming up to the window, "what makes you say that?"

"She is very young to be a prisoner," said Mrs. May.

"A prisoner!" said Lily. "I don't see how having plenty of frocks could make her that, I'm sure. I should think it would be just the other way. I thought having nothing to wear kept people at home. What can you mean, mamma?"

"Not that people who are kept at home are prisoners," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"Ah! it's one of mamma's stories, I know," cried Primrose, as keen for a story as a pointer for game. "Mamma, dear, won't you *please* tell it to us right away? What is it called, mamma?"

"It might be called 'A Legend of Grundy Castle,'" said Mrs. May, stroking Prim's head.

"What an odd name for a castle!" said Lily.

"Never mind," said Prim. "Do sit down and be quiet, Lily. Now, mamma—I'm all ready. Come, Clover."

"Is it a fairy-tale, mamma?" said Clover, bringing her thoughts back with some reluctance from the little flower-pots that held such real wonders.

"You shall judge. Grundy Castle stood on a bit of land that was claimed by several kingdoms. In like manner many nations disputed possession of its mistress, Mrs. Grundy. And in fact she was quite a citizen of the world, and had received her education (such as it was) in so many places that she was entirely at home in all. It was hard to travel in any country without meeting her, or at least without hearing what she had said the last time she came that way."

"Her own castle couldn't have been much, then," said Lily, "or she wouldn't have gone wandering round so."

"Perhaps she had your ideas about home," said Mrs. May. "But, however that was, she certainly did seem to prefer other people's houses to her own, and was never still a minute."

"Mamma, what sort of a person was she?" said Clover. "You said 'her education, *such as it was!*'"

"She was not what I call well-educated," said Mrs. May; "for of some of the most important things she was entirely ignorant. For instance, she had never 'studied to be quiet;' she knew nothing of 'the law of kindness;' her thoughts had never been trained to think no evil, nor her hands to bear other people's burdens."

"What funny studies!" said Primrose.

"All that she had ever learned was to talk pretty well in all languages; to handle a spy-glass; enough geography to make her think she knew exactly where any body was at a particular moment, and just so much arithmetic as to put two and two together, though she made grievous mistakes sometimes even in doing that small sum."

"Mamma, what a strange person!" said Lily. "I can't make her out at all. Was she handsome?"

"No," said Mrs. May, "she used her spy-glass too much for that. In fact, she never looked at any thing straight with both eyes, and that, of course, gave a disagreeable expression to her face."

"I think she was horrid!" said Primrose. "Just like the Affrites in my 'Arabian Nights.' She never would have got into *my* house, I can tell her."

"Other people let her come," said Mrs. May. "She had a great deal of power, and went every where. Even when they were afraid of her they let her come, for I think they were more afraid to keep her away."

"But, mamma," said Lily, "I don't see how you're going to get round to where you started from. You said Maria Jarvis was a prisoner, and then you go off and tell all about Mrs. Grundy, who lived a thousand years ago, or never lived at all. I don't see what she has to do with Maria's ten frocks."

"What *could* she have to do with them?" said Mrs. May, smiling. "But you must wait for an answer, Lily, for there comes papa, and we must have tea."

BABY ON THE PORCH.

Out on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door
Into the wonderful world of things.

Bloom of roses and balm of dew,
Brooks that bubble and winds that call,
All things lovely and glad and new,
And the Father watching us over it all.

AFTER THE CAPTAIN.

I.

On one of those warm days in April when every whiff of the spring wind brought suggestions of summer, a little party stood talking in an artist's studio about the summer campaign—where they would go, and what they would do, until the melancholy days again. One was bound for Newport, and declared, with perhaps not exaggerated emphasis, that "Newport was bliss!" Another was eloquent of the mountains—Starr King's "White Hills." And another raved of the Catskill—of the Fawn's Leap, the view from Sunset Rock, and the Kauterskill Falls—all of which scenes you will see if you will turn to the *Weekly* for July 21, and look at Mr. Nast's picture.

While five of this party talked of their plans the sixth remained silent, with a curious smile on her mouth and a gleam of mischief in her eyes. Presently this silence was observed:

"And where are you going, Miss Vincent?" asked a gentleman. "You don't tell us."

"No," answered Miss Vincent, in a lazily-affirmative tone, to this assertion of the gentleman's.

"Oh, I can tell you where Syl's going!" broke in Cad Glynn, with conclusive emphasis of knowledge.

"Oh, can you? Do then," said Syl—otherwise Sylvia—Vincent, in an amused voice, and raising her brows archly.

"She's going to Newport, or somewhere in that vicinity. Syl's crazy on Newport! Always paints Newport into her pictures—a bit of the Cliffs, or the Forty Steps, all by themselves, or a glimpse of the South Beach! You know you do, Syl; and you know that you're going to Newport—don't you now?"

"No, I didn't know it, Cad; perhaps, though, as I am lunatic on the subject, I shall find myself there unawares."

"You remember what guests are entertained unawares, Miss Vincent?" said that bright cousin of Cad's, Arkley Glynn, with gay gallantry.

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Glynn," laughed Syl, as gayly.

"But you haven't told us where you are going," began again the first speaker.

"No, I haven't!" and once more Syl Vincent's eyes sparkled mischief. By this time the curiosity and interest of the party were thoroughly aroused. Where *was* Miss Vincent going?

"Going to be married, perhaps!" cried Arkley Glynn, smiling out of his wilderness of silky beard.

"Going to the moon, maybe."

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky!" laughed Syl, at this last. "That turns the angel into an old woman, and instead of wings I have a broomstick!" she went on merrily.

So they kept it up a while longer, playing and parrying their shining lances of wit and humor, and still Miss Vincent did not tell them where she was going. At length, when speculation was at its height through these gay jests, and every one of them thought Syl Vincent was to outdo them all in their summer journeyings, she quietly said: "I'll tell you where I'm going; I am going to Northwood."

"To Northwood! Where upon earth is Northwood?" they cried, in a breath.

"Oh, a little nest up among the New Hampshire hills."

"One of those thousand-and-one towns about the White Mountains. Why didn't you say the Mountains at once?" cried Cad, exasperated.

"Because it isn't about the White Mountains. It isn't a summer resort at all for strangers. It's just a quiet little nook for one to rest in."

"Syl, what—in—the—world possesses you now? This is a new notion. Thought you couldn't abide inland towns; the sea for you—always the sea, and plenty of society."

Syl shrugged her shoulders, and laughed lazily again.

"Cad, I'm tired of one thing. 'Too much of a good thing is good for nothing,' you know. The sea is my love; but we leave our love sometimes to come back afresh. Society is a fine thing; but we wear out society with too much of it, and then it wears us out. That's the worst of it; so I am going to run away from it for a while—to run away from my love, you know, to come back renewed."

"Syl, you're a little Sybarite; I always said so," remarked Cad Glynn, sententiously.

"Maybe. I call it philosophy, however."

"And what will you do up there in your nest, as you call it?"

"I'll paint my pictures and drink new milk."

"Bah! Idyllic you call that, I suppose? I'll tell you how it will be. For three weeks you'll think it's very pretty; in that time you'll take the portraits of two or three old trees and a brook or a pond; then you'll begin to pine for some of the familiar faces, to remember how the surf used to feel, and how the band played on the piazza down at Newport."

They all laughed at this last sally of Cad's, and they all looked as if they thought it quite probable she was right. But Syl knew better. She knew what she wanted, and what she needed. Just this: Rest, and country air, and new milk; not a renewal of town-life among towns-people at some usual haunt. The living the winter excitement over in the same talk, the same associations socially, with only a change in localities. Some temperaments can stand this from season to season, perhaps, but not such a temperament as Syl Vincent's—"one of the high-pressure temperaments," as some one very aptly termed them.

Cad Glynn didn't understand this. She herself was one of those girls of strong nerves and tissues, bilious and lymphatic, who can rush through months and years of social dissipation and excitement without loss in any way—rather gain, in fact; for in the process, if they have natural kindliness of nature, as Cad Glynn certainly had, they learn at last what they would not get at by intuition—a certain toleration and acceptance, which acts in a softening manner upon the whole character.

But, as I say, Cad Glynn didn't understand this temperament of Sylvia Vincent's, and so she laid this summer plan to a freak, a whim of Syl's, and laughed her laugh and flung her joke at the matter in her usual style.

"Why, Syl dear, I'll give you a specimen of what to expect. You'll never go to the post-office with a letter but what the village gossips will say that you've been writing to your lover, and you will never receive a letter in a masculine hand but with one supposition. Fancy now when Arkley here writes you, or Mr. Thurston yonder indites you a note from his beloved White Hills—fancy, Syl, the commotion."

They all laughed here, and Syl colored at the absurdity in a foolish way she had of hanging out such red flags of distress sometimes.

"And that isn't the worst of it," went on this teasing, merry Cad. "If there's a single man in the place any where within a marriageable age they'll accuse you of matrimonial designs upon him at once. And they'll poke, and goad, and toss, and worry you on the subject the whole season through. I know all about those little communities. 'I've been there,' to be a little slangy. And I've thought ever since that I should like to turn into their midst a great party of summer idlers, and see their consternation. Last summer, at Newport, Lill Evan rode nearly every evening with Will Hess—don't you remember?—and when she didn't ride she was walking with him, and when she didn't walk she was singing with him. And as for you, Syl, you and Arkley here used to use up all the mornings after bath hours with your *tête-à-tête* conversations on the piazza or in the parlor. Metaphysics—that was it—you were always at it—Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton. Suppose you had been at one of these little places, where they are not accustomed to the easy, idle ways summer visitors kill time, what do you think they would have said?"

Syl shrugged her shoulders and flushed again in that foolish way of hers, while Arkley Glynn smiled kindly and reassuringly at her through that wilderness of silky beard. Arkley was proof against his cousin's plain speaking, and indeed against most things that might have embarrassed and annoyed weaker men. A thoroughly good fellow, he had so little vanity, and consequently so little self-consciousness, that he made himself specially popular with women, because he never shrank from any possible supposition of his own enslavement. He respected women, too, so truly and so tenderly that he was ready always to give any help or homage which circumstances or the world demanded. And listening to Cad's gay, half-mischievous speaking now, he looked his kindliest look across at Syl, whom he knew was made in a different fashion, and whom he feared would be wounded by this broad banter. No fear. It stirred that swift-running blood, it is true, to the surface, but nobody was ever really wounded through Arkley Glynn.

II.

"All settled for the summer," wrote Syl Vincent a month after this conversation. "All settled for the summer, dear Cad, in the quietest, loveliest little nook amidst the hills you ever saw. We have rooms that are as pleasant and easy as possible, and our windows overlook, or more properly look into, these everlasting hills, for we are scarcely high enough to overlook. And not a sound of neighborly gossip reaches me yet. I hear only the rushing of the river and the trees talking to each other. This is sweeter talk than any human gossip, but if the other reaches me be sure you shall be advised of it."

Cad read this portion of the letter to her cousin Arkley. He smiled thoughtfully, and sung:

> "Chanteth not the brooding bee
> Sweeter tones than calumny."

There was a long gap between this letter and the next, which Cad filled in with two of her own—generous girl that she was. Two bright, breezy missives, full of the chit-chat and gossip of Newport, where, after all, she and her party had drifted.

"I don't see why Syl doesn't write," she said, as the mail was brought in one day, still lacking Sylvia's handwriting. Arkley, to whom she addressed this, was too absorbed in a letter he was perusing to heed. She waited until he had begun to fold it away, and then asked him, rather vexatiously, "Say, Arkley, isn't it queer I don't get a letter from Syl?"

"Well, I don't know;" he answered, absently, getting up and walking away, with a half-smile about his lips.

Cad gave utterance to a very decided ejaculation of impatience at this, as she stared after her cousin.

"Arkley's either in love, or his oil-shares have turned up trumps for him!" laughed Tom Thurston.

"Arkley in love! I should like to see him; and I should like to know how you make it out from present appearances, Mr. Thurston?" asked Cad, with wide, dancing eyes.

"Eh—how?" Thurston laughed another little low laugh, buttered his roll, and then answered by a question, Yankee-wise:

"Did you ever know Arkley to be absent-minded?"

"Well, no; it isn't his way," allowed Cad, "exactly; and is he in the habit of receiving letters twice a week that have a scent of heliotrope about them? It may be oil, however—I don't insist; but I thought that through the fumes of my coffee I had detected twice this week a very strong suspicion of heliotrope, as Arkley turned his pages."

Cad looked stunned with surprise a moment; then her brain, quick and searching, went on a quest. Heliotrope, who was it used heliotrope? She was sure she had a remembrance somewhere to help her. All at once it flashed over her.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Thurston, it's Mary Ware! Molly Ware; don't you know?" She carried heliotrope in her very breath. Gloves, handkerchief, note paper—it was all one odor. You could trace her wherever she went, 'til we got into the habit of calling her Heliotrope at last. She's been dancing with Arkley all this blessed winter, but I never thought dear old Ark would make such a goose of himself as to get in love with this little dancing doll."

"She *does* dance well, doesn't she?"

"Dance! she just floats to the music;" Cad confessed, generously. But *then*—Mr. Thurston;" she said, regretfully.

"You are jumping at conclusions," returned Mr. Thurston.

Cad wished she was, but knew she wasn't. After her vehement manner, and walking her "constitutional" on the piazza a little later, she turned the bitter pill all over in her mind, and thought, but didn't say, because this great, breezy, plain-spoken Cad was loyal and generous to her own sex—"And there was Syl."

What did this mean?

Can't you guess? Can't you guess that Caroline Glynn had a tender spot in her heart for this Syl? That she loved and honored her, and was true to her, opposites though they were, as men friends are to each other, but women seldom. And that, loving and honoring her, she had thought sometimes that this favorite cousin of hers, this dear old Ark, might bring Syl nearer yet.

"And there goes all last summer's metaphysics for nothing, and the upshot of it is, that Molly Ware, the little wax-faced noodle, dances into his heart, or into his brain. What geese men are!" with which wise conclusion exasperated Cad rushes to her own room, and indites a furious letter to Sylvia.

"And I was in hopes of something so much better, Syl;" she wrote. "I was in hopes those long metaphysical *têtes-à-tête*—that everlasting hammering at Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton, would bring you two round into another kind of metaphysics; and here you are poles asunder, and the dearest wish of my heart lost between, and that dancing Molly Ware, with her heliotrope odor—I always hated heliotrope—in possession of the camp. Oh, Syl!"

Straightway back to this doleful ditty of Cad's came the gayest little letter from Sylvia. It literally ran over with fun and laughter.

> "How bright it was of you, dear Cad," she went on, "to make Molly Ware out of that heliotrope. I never should have thought of it. And I never should have thought it of Arkley either. And as for the metaphysics, thank you, dear, for your cousinly intentions, but you see Molly Ware and her heliotrope outdid Emerson, Hamilton, and Mill. Just think of it! But here is something else for you to think of. *I've* got a tale to tell. Cad, you are a prophet as well as an interpreter. The gossips are wagging their tongues. For three weeks I was in blissful ignorance, and went my way as unconscious as a child; then the hum of the hive reached me. Oh what a busy hive it has been! You see, dear, the 'dangerous bachelor,' the very element of gossip, was here in their midst before me. At once there arose a query in my mind whether all small communities had its one bachelor or its one widower to form its staple of speculation? As I say, for three weeks I went on my way in blissful ignorance of the speculation I was arousing. The village's one bachelor was presented to me—a Captain Holliston, who is staying here for the present—a gentlemanly person, and a man of the world. Well, I talked with this Captain, I walked with this Captain, and I rode with him—congratulating myself upon so pleasant a companion. Worst of all, perhaps, of my offenses, I actually paid visits to this Captain's sister, '*for the purpose of paying court to the Captain!*' Think of that, my Cad! Think of Syl Vincent's being accused of paying court to any body. Ask Arkley what he thinks of that. Ask him if he thought I was paying court to Tom Thurston last summer, when I used to go every afternoon and read to Tom's sister, and Tom used to stay by to listen? But the best of it is, Cad, that this Captain and I are good friends enough to enjoy this matter vastly. We 'gang our ain gait.' We ride, we walk, we talk together; and I stroll up to his good sister's, who is a woman after my own heart—a genial, womanly woman—and in her parlor I talk with the Captain—nice metaphysical talks of Emerson, Mill, and Hamilton sometimes. Tell Arkley this; but tell him, too, that our talks lack one element of discussion that the Newport talks abound in. *He* will understand; and as for you, my dear Cad, I take it you will not be interested to know we have disappointed your expectations so much, or rather Arkley has, in allowing himself to be overcome by Molly Ware's sylph footsteps and the mysterious heliotrope, instead of my metaphysics. Nothing in the metaphysics order can now be endurable to *you*, it failed so signally in the quarter where you tell me you had set your heart. In the mean time I will talk metaphysics with the Captain, and we two will have our laugh over the verdict of the gossips which accuses me of being '*after the Captain.*' Isn't that a lovely phrase for women to use, Cad? How your dark eyes fire as you read it! But the world goes various ways, my dear, and this portion of it doesn't know your Syl as well as you do. But I am at the end of my page and of your patience, for I know you are dying to rail at what I have written to Arkley; to call me a good-for-nothing goose to stay where I am instead of coming to you. Perhaps I am all you say, dear; but I am, nevertheless, always yours faithfully,
>
> "SYL VINCENT."

"A goose! of course she is a goose!" cried out Cad on this reading, just as Syl had told her she would, to her cousin Arkley. And then she read aloud that little story of the gossips—"After the Captain!" "Did you ever hear any thing so absurd and abominable, Arkley?"

Arkley laughed that queer little quaint laugh of his, behind that great beard; but into his eyes came that soft, grave look which those who know Arkley Glynn always like to see.

"Absurd? oh yes, and abominable too, I grant. But, Cad, don't you know one sad truth about your sex? I am not speaking of exceptions, but the generality of ordinary women under ordinary circumstances. They hunt each other down, to use rather a sportsman's phrase, as men would be ashamed to do."

"Now, Arkley, that's your Thackeray vein."

"Well, never mind, it is a very true vein. Don't you see now in this case; two of the opposite sex meet and become good friends, and at once your feminine side raises the hue and cry. It's the old cry of 'Stop thief!' you know. Women who do that, who raise that cry, are after a plunderer—a poacher on their domains. They don't understand but one relation between the sexes—that's the relation that conjugates the verb *amour* in intent and purpose from the outset. Good friendship, good fellowship, which begins at the top of the head, they don't recognize."

"Humph!" ejaculated Cad; "that's the metaphysical kind, I suppose."

"Exactly, Cad!" laughed Arkley, in his hearty way.

"Top of the head!" pursued Cad; "some people don't have any 'top of the head.'"

"True again, Cad;" and again Arkley laughed at his cousin's gay, grim humor.

III.

AND the next morning there sat this "great sensible goose of a man," as Cad called him, absorbed in one of those heliotrope effusions again. Eyes nor ears had he for any thing else. Cad groaned in spirit, while she rattled her coffee-cup and looked across at Tom Thurston for sympathy. Tom made a gay grimace and hummed a bar of the *German*, and immediately Cad saw Molly Ware's flying feet and floating movements. This did not tend to soothe her ruffled temper by any means, nor was it improved when Arkley, presently folding his letter with a sigh of satisfaction, asked, brightly:

"Heard from Syl, Cad, this morning?"

"Heard from Syl!" Cad just shrugged her shoulders by way of reply. She somehow felt as if Syl's name were taken in vain after that heliotrope nonsense of Molly Ware's. "Of course it isn't a decided engagement yet, or Ark would announce it," she commented to Tom Thurston afterward.

"No, perhaps not, but you may depend that Arkley is in for it, Miss Glynn; I know the signs."

"Oh, do you, Mr. Thurston!" Cad returned, rather spitefully. In the mean time, while Cad chafed over her cousin's folly, as she termed it, and deplored Syl's absence, Sylvia herself was going on in her usual fashion, a serene summer fashion, half play half work. A few pictures here and there, and a great deal of reading and talking. Captain Holliston and his sister were not only her nearest neighbors, but of her kind. They were also given to much reading and talking, and so in Mrs. Greyborn's cottage many a swift morning sped away over Browning's poems, Tennyson's Idyls, or a brisk metaphysical discussion. And all the time there could be but one interpretation. She was "after the Captain."

"Mrs. Greyborn needn't flatter herself that Miss Vincent goes to see her," said Mrs. Black to Mrs. White, with wise emphasis.

"No indeed," returned Mrs. White, "that she needn't. It's likely she goes there and spends all her morning to see Mrs. Greyborn! No, no! she's after the Captain, mark my word;" and Mrs. White shakes her head in solemn significance.

Something of this reached the ears of Syl and the Captain. They take it very merrily, for, looking into each other's faces a moment, a gay gleam sparkles in Syl's eyes, and then they both break into a little burst of laughter. And then they both sit down there in the small parlor, they two alone, just think of it, and laughing fall to talking, not of metaphysics surely, for there grows into Syl's cheek a deeper color, and the Captain listens when he is not speaking with an arch smile which no philosophies ever called out. It certainly looks very suspicious. What if Mrs. Black and Mrs. White could look in now? What if—after all—well—don't let us jump at conclusions as Cad Glynn has. Let us wait until the end of the summer. That will certainly tell us what we want to know.

The end of the summer. It came soon enough—a soft, still August day; and Cad Glynn sat sparring it as usual with Tom Thurston across the breakfast-table when the waiter dropped beside her plate a little long white letter, seal upward—a great V in dead gold and monogram.

"Oh, Syl!" and Cad's face lighted. Tom occupied himself with his breakfast, and lazily waited to hear "what news from Syl." Arkley, too, with no heliotrope-scented effusion to absorb him this morning, waited likewise. At length Tom glances up surprised at the silence.

"Well, Miss Glynn, how is it with Miss Vincent?"

Cad's face was a study. Arkley regarded, with a look of intense amusement, the amazement and disgust apparent there, for Arkley had the key to some things.

"How is it with Miss Vincent?" she burst out, with the expression of disgust and amazement very evident in her voice as well as face. "Miss Vincent is on her way to Newport—and—and this Captain Hollis, or Holliston comes with her. The 31st, that's to-night. They'll be here in the evening boat, humph!" And Cad, giving utterance to this little ejaculatory disappointment and ire, went off in a huff to her room. Here she was again jumping at conclusions.

At eight or thereabouts the evening boat arrives at the Newport wharf. Cad, her mood of the morning by no means softened, perhaps a little increased in its irritation by Arkley's persistent gayety and sly innuendoes at Syl and the Captain, waits for the arrivals with her usual impatience. Eight—quarter past—where can that boat be? Ah! there goes the whistle! Now then, curiosity and impatience shall both be relieved of their watch and guard. A few minutes more and they will be here. A few minutes more! Cad walks up and down the empty parlor, setting her teeth against "this Captain," and snapping her little watch every two seconds to see how the time goes. Then comes the roll of carriage-wheels; a well-known voice sounds in a light laugh mixed with two other voices that sound as familiar. Did Tom Thurston go down with Arkley to meet them? Tom Thurston! Cad stops a moment, and then comes swiftly forward as Syl and Arkley enter, followed by a gentleman in a light traveling-suit, with a wide sombrero straw-hat in his hand.

"Captain Holliston, Cad; Miss Glynn, Captain Holliston," says Syl, as she grasps Cad's hand for greeting. And oh what a volley of mirth and mischief there was in Syl's tone and in Syl's eyes!

For a moment Cad stands wide-eyed in amazement, then she finds voice:

"Captain Holliston indeed! How long is it since you went farther down the alphabet to spell your name, Captain?" and here Cad laughs, and stops to take breath from all this surprise, and Syl finds chance to say:

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten old friends, Cad."

"Forgotten old friends! Syl, what a little farce you are! to turn this old friend into a new one just to make a summer story of to tease and excite my curiosity. And there was Arkley"—she turned about and caught Arkley's smile. "Why, I do believe—yes, I am sure now—you knew all the time that this Captain Holliston was our old friend Captain H——;" and Cad drops the l's and goes farther up the alphabet for this Captain's name—this mysterious Captain, who was indeed no stranger at all, but an acquaintance, nay, a friend, dating two or three winters back at Washington, and with a name which mischievous Syl, incited by Cad's prophecy of the inevitable bachelor, had very easily turned into Holliston; and any one who recognizes this Captain H—— can testify how easy is the turning. They all fell to laughing over this change of Syl's; and Cad thought, of course, but one thing in reference to it. It was Syl's mischief, to be sure, but a mischief that hid a deeper meaning. "So," she went on with her thought, "if I had not lost her through Arkley's folly, I suppose I should to our Captain here." But at this climax her eyes light upon something which flashes a new radiance in upon her brain. It was "something" she had seen many times—a ring of her cousin Arkley's; a great garnet, its broad, dark-crimson surface brought vividly out by a brilliant star-like setting. But she had never seen it before where now she saw it—*upon the finger of Sylvia Vincent!* And as she saw she remembered swiftly what he had often said about this ring, half in play and half in earnest, that it would never leave his finger but to be worn by the woman whom he loved. And here it shone upon Syl's slender hand! Cad was brusque and impulsive, but she had a tender kind of courtesy, which would have held her silent here but for the look that suddenly seemed to pass with a certain free-masonry between the three before her.

"Syl," she suddenly cried out, "what does it all mean?"

"It means," took up Captain Holliston, "that you ought to congratulate these two—this cousin and friend of yours—and then I think you might congratulate yourself, Miss Glynn."

"Syl—Arkley! you don't mean to say that you two have actually found each other after all!"

"After all, dear Cad," said Arkley, with that sweet, grave look of his.

Suddenly this honest, hasty Cad looked confused.

"And Molly Ware!" she exclaimed.

"And those heliotrope-scented letters, Cad!" cried Syl, laughing. "Oh, Cad, Cad! how wrong you were all through in jumping at conclusions! The heliotrope letters were your humble servant's. I happened to spill a box of heliotrope-powder into my paper drawer, and it drenched that thin 'French note' paper with its odor."

"But you didn't write to me on that thin 'French note,' Syl."

"No; at first it was simple accident. Then came your wild supposition of Molly Ware; and the temptation to play this little farce, as you call it, with Captain Holliston for one of the principal actors, was too strong for me to resist. Dear Cad, can you forgive us?"

Syl's pleading tones, Syl's pleading eyes, but more than all the happy *dénouement* itself, won Cad's forgiveness.

"And to think, Arkley, that you should lend yourself to this nonsense!" said Cad, in mock wrath, as later they discussed it. "To think that you and the Captain here should be under correspondence all the time to carry out this foolish programme!"

"But you made out the programme, Cad, in the beginning of the season. You prophesied my country fate, you know."

"Yes; but I didn't prophesy the end."

"But, Cad"—and Syl's eyes glowed—"you thought I was after the Captain, too."

Cad glanced laughingly across at Captain Holliston, and, in a stage aside, made answer:

"No, Syl, I thought the Captain was after you."

So Cad has the last word, and so the summer story ends with all the gossips in confusion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—What a satisfaction it must be to the Empress of the French that the Emperor has given up the idea of paying a visit to Nancy!

Among the advertisements a week or two ago, in a daily journal, appeared the following: "Two sisters want washing," and "A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own, nor any other employment."

ANSWER TO MARY ANNE.—The needle-gun is not threaded with gun-cotton.

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon returned in an hour afterward, and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but them *sticks the wheels hang on!*"

HORSE ON THE TABLE.—The hippophagists carry their fondness for horse-flesh to an extreme. Accordingly perhaps they will soon have their horse served up with horse-beans, not to mention horse-radish, which of course it must require even more than beef. The dessert which follows the favorite repast of the horse-eaters will certainly not be complete without horse-chestnuts.

"Madam, your boy can't pass for half fare; he is too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which had been detained on the road by snow. "He may be too large now," replied the matron, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in, and the boy passed for half fare.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters?—Because they never saw.

Two friends being in conversation together, one asked the other what death he would wish to die. The answer was, "Let me die the death of the righteous." "My boy," replied number two, "that you'll never do as long as you live."

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you was married, Mary?"

"A stamp, Charlie! What for, pray?"

"Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp, you know!"

One of the sex writes, rather spicily, "that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority as yet work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

"Is a Man and his Wife one?" asked the wife of a man in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home very drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

A BRUTE.—One asked his friend why he married so *little* a wife?—"Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the *least!*"

Why is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse?—Because his steps are arrested by the cry of *woe*.

Judy Bralegan, having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed: "Upon my conscience, but they are mighty hard to peel!"

As long as a miser lives his money-chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

ADVICE TO ARTISTS.—Draw any thing but a bill.

WOMAN.

DISSECTED BY A MAN.

A woman is like—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say?
There's no living with or without one!
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye;
Buz—buz—always buzzing about one!

When she is tender and kind,
She is like to my mind
(And Sally was so, I remember);
She's like to—oh, dear!
She's as gold, very near,
As a ripe melting peach in September!

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good-humor she meets me,
She's like a rich dish
Of venison and fish,
That cries from the table, "Eat me!"

But she'll plague you and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What, then, do you think she is like?
Like a sand, like a rock?
Like a wheel, like a clock?
Ay, like a clock that is always at strike!

Her head is like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but money can dwell on!
Her heart's like an orange so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice!
In truth she's to me,
Like to wind, like to sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man.

Like a mill, like a pill;
Like a sail, like a whale;
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man.
Like a flower, like a shower;
Like a fly, like a pie;
Like a flea, like a pea;
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

What is the difference between a Hindoo widow and a Christian widow? The right way to tell it is as follows:

As in India, one day, an Englishman sat
With a sweet native lass at the window—
"Do your widows burn themselves? Pray tell me that,"
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
"Do they burn? That they do," the gentleman said,
"With a flame not easy to smother;
Our widows, the moment the husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another."

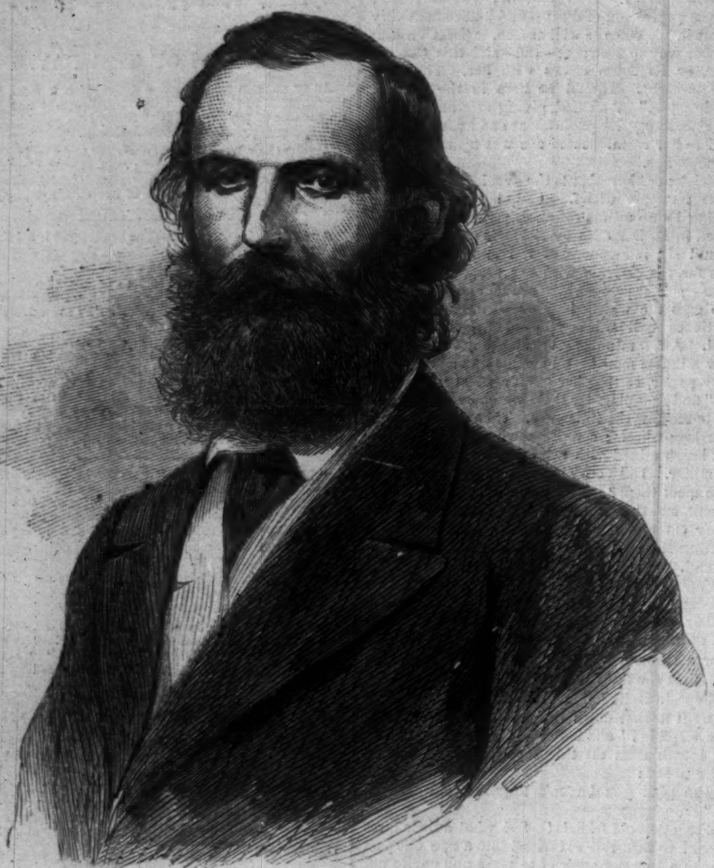
PROVERBIAL FOOLOSOPHY.

Castles in the-air have no foundation; but in some delusive schemes you will find abasement.

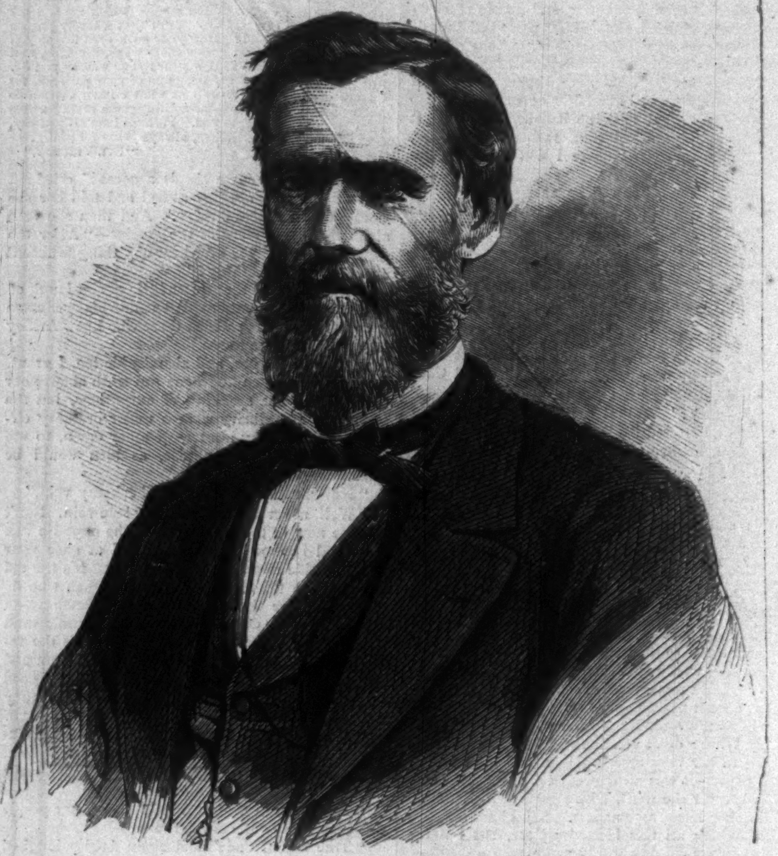
The way to make a hole in your income is to pay a large rent.

The largest tin-tacks must be the Income-tax, for that's a regular nailer!

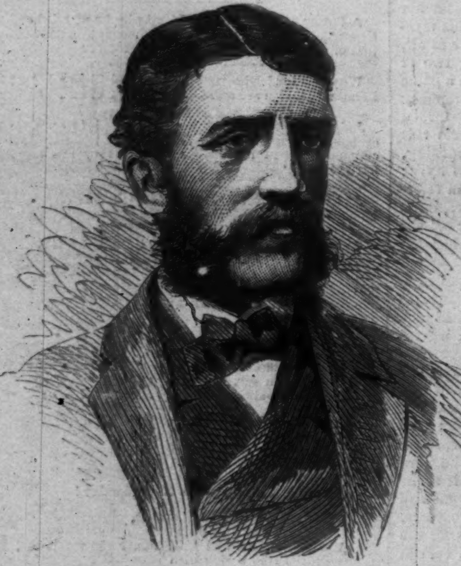
Resignation is a virtue that is often made a necessity of in the political world.



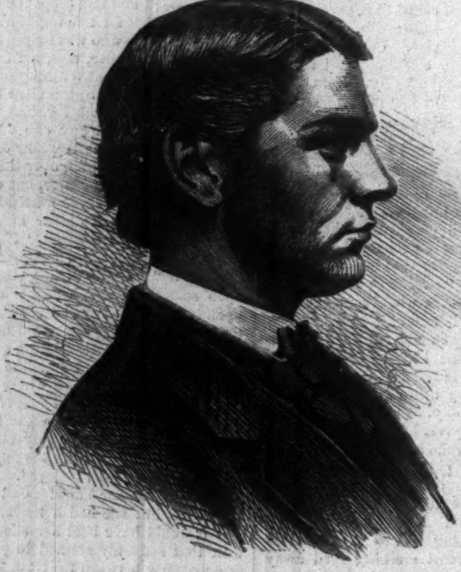
A. P. DOSTIE.



JOHN T. MONROE, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.—[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington, D. C.]



WILLIAM BLAIKIE.



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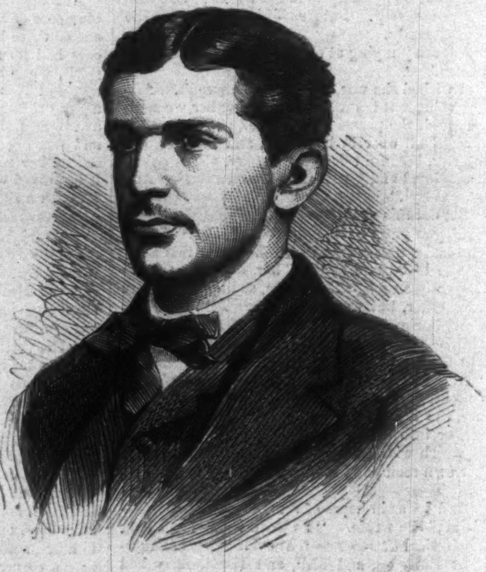

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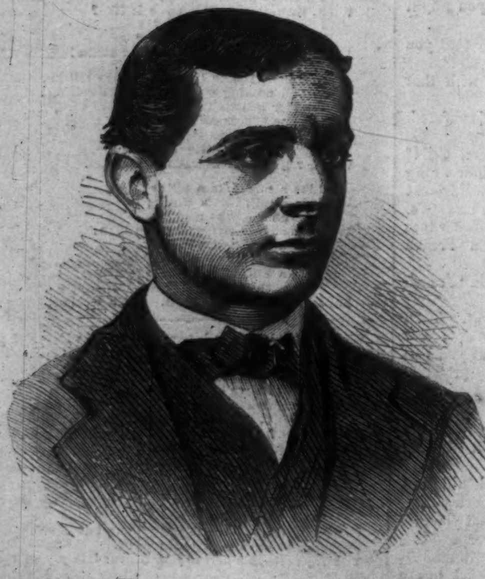

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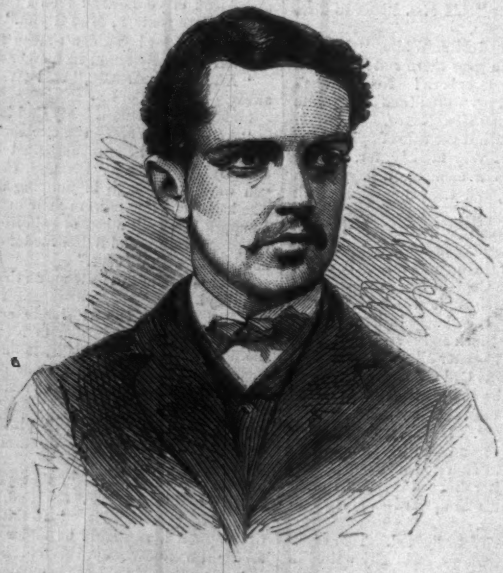
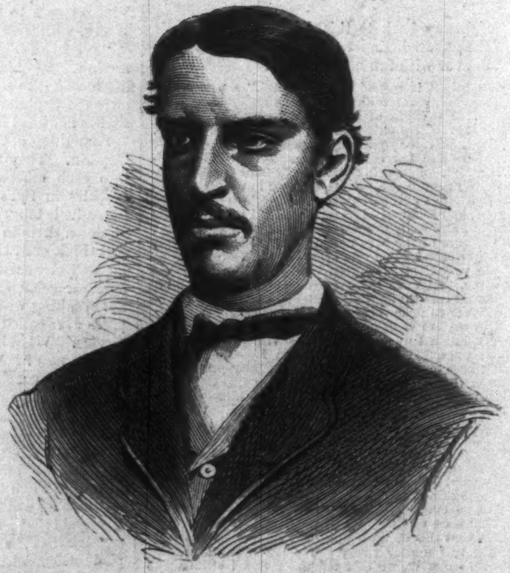


C. M'BURNEY.



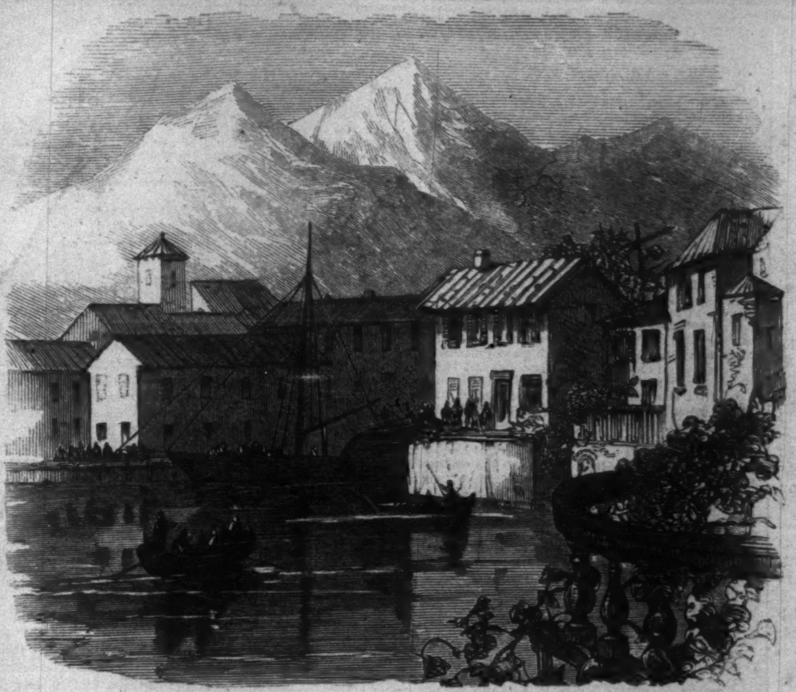
A. P. LORING.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—PORTRAITS OF THE HARVARD CREW.—Photographed by Warren.—[See Page 542.]

GARIBALDI IN THE ITALIAN TYROL.

The force of Italian volunteers and bersaglieri, under the command of General Garibaldi, has been engaged in the difficult task of forcing its way through the mountain passes on the western shore of the Lake of Garda, with a view to getting round the head of that lake, at Riva, and thence proceeding to occupy the high-road which leads from Verona to the Tyrol, and which is now the only communication left open between the fortresses of the Quadrilateral and the Austrian empire.

The head-quarters of Garibaldi for some days, while preparing for this movement, were fixed alternately at the town of Salo on the very shore of the Lake of Garda, and at the fortress and village of Rocca d'Anfo, twenty-five miles northwest of that place, overlooking a smaller piece of water called the Lake of Idro, surrounded by lofty and precipitous hills, which display some of the most romantic features of North Italian scenery.



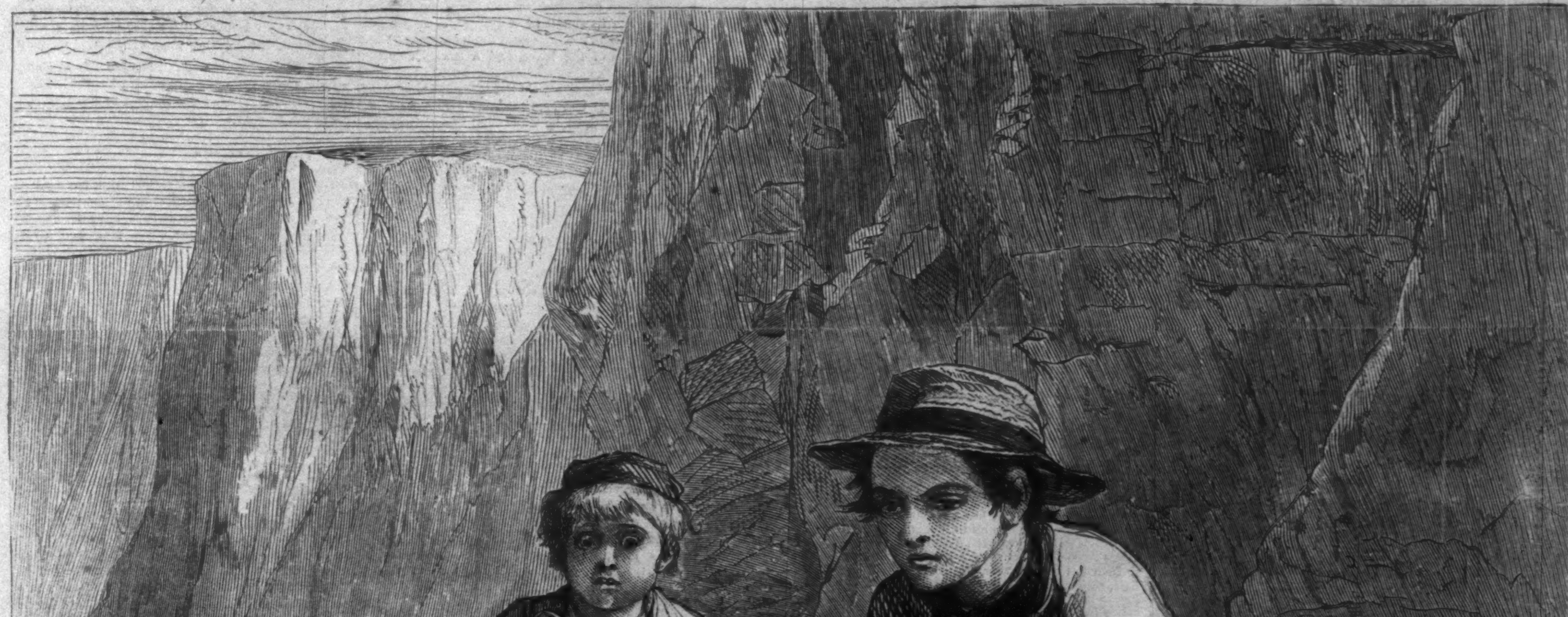
GARIBALDI'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON LAKE GARDA.

"CAPSIZED."

This bright and pleasantly-treated little picture, representing a characteristic incident of child-life, is from a painting by Mr. Thomas, a celebrated English artist. We are all "children of a larger growth," and is not that man sincerely to be pitied who forgets or has lost all sympathy with the sports and the joys and sorrows of childhood? It is true that some querulous old curmudgeon has somewhere said that whenever you meet a boy you ought always to thrash him, because, if not actually then in mischief, he is sure to be going directly to get into it. Nay, more, if even the mother of these urchins came suddenly upon them, as here represented, it is quite possible she might scold them soundly, not only for dabbling their clothes, but for incurring [illegible] danger of drowning, if, indeed, she did not proceed to administer bodily correction. Many of our readers, however, who can take neither a cynical nor a maternal interest in this incident, may yet share Thackeray's genial feeling toward young folk when he declares that he could never see a boy without wanting to tip him with half a sovereign. Surely the temptation is great to alleviate in some way the anxiety of these little lads respecting the safety of their shipwrecked boat! And we need hardly point out how naturally that boy-like anxiety is rendered in the picture, or how nicely it is discriminated according to age—the elder one braving the terrors of the knee-deep ocean to rescue the helpless capsized craft; the younger with his shoes heedfully slung round his neck, having ventured as far as he dares, clinging for safety to the rock, as he watches in fear and hope the heroic exertions of his brother. Of course, the fanciful may also find in the subject of the picture suggestions of the early age at which familiarity with the sea and ships begins among the population of our coasts, and which afterward developed gives us our best sailors.

QUEEN EMMA IN AMERICA.

Her Majesty, the Dowager Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, widow of the late King Kamehameha IV., arrived here on the 8th from England by the Cunard steamship *Java*. The Collector of the Port, Henry A. Smythe, Esq., had received instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury to meet the royal lady down the bay, or to have her met there by representatives of the Government on board one of the revenue steamers. The *Jasmine*, detailed for this purpose, arrived alongside the *Java*



"CAPSIZED."—[From a Painting by G. H. Thomas.]

at 10.30 A.M., saluting with a royal salute, having on board the Hawaiian Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, S. U. F. ODELL, Esq.; ABRAHAM WAKEMAN, Esq., Surveyor of the Port; JAMES KELLY, Esq., Postmaster; Brigadier-General J. F. B. MARSHALL, of the staff of Governor BULLOCK, of Massachusetts, and J. C. DERBY, Esq., United States Dispatch Agent. After the formalities of introduction had been gone through Her Majesty was received on board the *Jasmine*, which steamed across the river to carriages in waiting, which conveyed the lady and her attendants to the Brevoort House.

At one o'clock her Majesty received a number of visitors, among them R. S. CHILTON, Esq., who had arrived the evening before from Washington, the bearer of a letter of welcome from the Government in the handwriting of the Secretary of State. Mr. CHILTON, accompanied by J. C. DERBY, Esq., was presented by Mr. ODELL. Queen EMMA expressed her acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Government and its Secretary, saying that she would communicate her plans to the envoy during the day, having as yet formed none. She expressed herself as much pleased with her European tour.

Queen EMMA is daughter of JOHN YOUNG, an English sailor, and the Princess NAEA, and was born in 1838. She was educated by the American Mission. Her marriage with the late King was blessed with a son, who died while yet an infant, and thus the crown has passed to KAMEHAMEHA V., brother of the deceased King.

About a year ago, at the invitation of the British Government, Queen EMMA went to visit England. Her design in making this visit was twofold—to see the country, and to collect funds for the erection in her native country of a memorial Cathedral. She was over a year the guest of the English people, and it is said that her visit was more successful as an ovation to herself than in its missionary purposes, having received for her Cathedral only £5000. At Washington the Government will dispense its courtesies, after which the Royal lady will proceed to Boston to receive the hospitalities of that city.

On the afternoon of her arrival in this city Queen EMMA visited the Central Park. Her appearance has been described in the following terms:

The Queen is of medium height, black eyes, dark straight hair, pleasant under-chin with dimple, with well-defined nostrils, and of rather handsome figure, with the quiet and unobtrusive look of a lady in her face. The face is quite dark, and is nearly akin in shade to that of a Southern mulatto, and the under-lip hangs down slightly. The entire face is Malay in its cast, and the features are not European in tone. She dresses in mourning.

THE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

THE College Regatta between the Yale and Harvard crews came off on July 28, on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Massachusetts. Last year we gave the portraits of the Yale crew, which was then victorious. This week we give on page 540 the portraits of the Harvard crew, who were this year the winners of the race.

In the Yale crew there were but two men who rowed in last year's regatta, while in that of Harvard there were only two who did not—Mr. E. T. Wilkinson and A. P. Loring. The two crews were composed of the following persons:

YALE CREW.

	Weight.
Frank Brown (bow)	146 lbs
W. A. Copp	155 "
A. D. Bissell	153 "
W. E. Wheeler	150 "
Edmund Coffin	150 "
Edward B. Bennett (stroke)	163 "

HARVARD CREW.

	Weight.
Charles M'Burney (bow)	135 lbs.
Edward T. Wilkinson	154 "
Edward N. Fenno	155 "
Robert S. Peabody	160 "
Alden P. Loring	149 "
William Blaikie (stroke)	153 "

The race is thus described by the New York *Tribune* correspondent:

The Yale boat was the first to come forward, and took the inside. They were not kept long in waiting, for soon the Harvard crew were seen approaching under the bridge, where they unavoidably came in contact with one of the many skiffs already alluded to which floated about on the lake. This caused but a slight delay, however, and in a short while the Harvard boat took its position, amidst intense excitement on shore, alongside that of Yale. The appearance of both crews was extremely fine; twelve more muscular and superbly developed men it were hard to find; but again the superiority, to a close observer, was on the side of Harvard. Once more there was difficulty in starting, each seeming eager and even anxious to get the lead. At length the word 'Go' was sounded, and away went both boats, Yale considerably in advance, while either bank resounded with the clapping of hands and the cheers that burst forth from the friends of both colleges. The crews at the start appeared to be equally matched, but when about half-way up Harvard took the lead, and a white flag far up the lake announced her success soon afterward at the stake, which she reached in 8.30, and on the return led by upward of four lengths. Anxiously and impatiently the crowds upon the shore awaited the return of the boats. The rain was still falling heavily. At last a cry arose that they were coming. 'Yale is ahead!' was shouted; 'Yale is ahead!' and deafening cheers arose from both sides of the water. But Yale was not ahead. The cheers died away. It was the Yale scientific crew that had rowed up the lake, and were returning in advance. 'Harvard is ahead!' Then another cheer arose as loud, if not louder, than the first, and soon the crimson handkerchief was visible. There could be no mistake now. Yale was far behind now. Her glory was dimmed, she was beaten, beaten by a long way. Take off the blue ribbon, fold it carefully, and put it in your pocket; it may do for next year, perhaps, but can avail nothing now.

"Harvard's time was, 18.43¼; Yale's, 19.10. Last year's time was for Yale, 18.42½; Harvard's, 19.9."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

ON the evening of August 13 Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in the course of a speech at Philadelphia, made the following statement of his position: He said that he would not now refer to the last four years of the war, but merely intended to call up one or two points connected with it, of which he wished to speak. He and his audience had been brought up in widely different political schools. He had been taught that the States were supreme; they that the General Government was supreme. His section had demanded its supposed privileges; the North had denied them. The South claimed the right of secession; the North denied the existence of any such right. The South seceded, and with the North appealed to arms, and finally both sections threw down the gauntlet to settle their dispute upon the field of battle. The war was long and desperate and bloody, but it ended in the defeat of the South. The South had appealed to arms—the last and highest earthly resort—and the decision had been against them—a decision, he would say, far more complete and final than any which could come from the highest judicial tribunal. The question of the right of secession had been settled completely and forever, and the results of the war had decided that the General Government was supreme. In this decision the Southern people, and he among them, acquiesced in all sincerity; and he came here on this the first opportunity to say it to a Northern audience, to declare that the South renounced the right of secession, and accepted in good faith its allegiance to the General Government. They claimed to be once more citizens under that Government; and as such as sincerely wished for the welfare of their common country, the union of all the States, its reputation abroad, and its prosperity at home, as the people of the North. This is our country, said Mr. Orr, as well as yours. We are again fellow-citizens, again brothers. And I, a participant in this rebellion, come here to-night to say that I renounce the right of secession, the right of an appeal to arms, and acknowledge the supremacy over me of the Government of this Union.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Union Convention met at Saratoga August 9. The following delegates at large to the Philadelphia Convention were appointed: John A. Dix, Henry J. Raymond, Charles G. Myers, H. L. Comstock, Samuel J. Tilden, William Kelly, Hiram Denio, Sanford E. Church.

The National Union Convention of Massachusetts met in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 8. The following delegates at large were appointed: Robert C. Winthrop and Judge Abbott, of Boston; Isaac Davis, of Worcester; General Couch, of Taunton; General Sutton, of Salem; John Quincy Adams, of Quincy; George Ashmun, of Springfield; C. C. Bailey, of Boston.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 946, the same as in the previous week. Of these 250 were from cholera, and 198 of the cholera deaths occurred in the public institutions.

Dispatches from St. Joseph state that the Indian depredations in the vicinity of Fort Laramie and on Powder River were assuming a most determined and warlike character. The Government cattle at the fort had been run off, and on Powder River three forts had been burned by the Indians and thirty-five men killed. There had also been serious fights and destruction of trains near Fort Reno and Fort Conner.

One hundred and eighty-three thousand bushels of corn have been distributed among the destitute in Georgia. About 40,000 persons were the recipients.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 5:

The River Rhine is reopened.

The Italian navy is to be reorganized.

The court-martial of Admiral Persano, who recently commanded the Italian fleet, is progressing.

The Cholera is increasing in England.

August 6:

The first meeting of the Chambers was held to-day at Berlin.

The King of Prussia has returned to Berlin. The Municipality presented to him a congratulatory address. In reply the King expressed his thanks. He pointed out that Prussia had drawn the sword, not only for her independence, but for the reorganization of Germany. The first, said the King, has been assured. The second may, by the help of God, also be obtained. Every thing promises a happy future for Prussia, as an honorable and lasting peace is imminent. The King opened the Prussian Chambers yesterday. In the course of his address he said: "I trust that the recent events will in so far contribute to effect an indispensable understanding that an indemnity for our having carried on the Administration without a law regulating the budget, application for which will be made to the Representatives, will readily be granted to my Government, and hitherto existing conflict be thereby finally and the more securely brought to a conclusion. As it may be expected that the political position of the Father-land will admit of an extension of the frontier of the State and the establishment of a united Federal army under the leadership of Prussia—costs which will be borne in equal proportions by all the members of the Confederation. The bills required in this respect for the convocation of a popular representative Federal State will be laid before the Diet without delay."

Prussia has positively declined the proposals of Russia for a Congress of the Powers which signed the treaty of Vienna.

It is expected that a definite treaty of peace will soon be signed by the Austrian and Prussian Plenipotentiaries at Prague.

The Italian and Austrian Generals met at Cormons, in Austria, to negotiate. France takes no part in the pending armistice.

August 9:

Advices received to-day announce that the truce between Italy and Austria has been extended ten days.

The deaths from cholera in London during the last week were ten hundred and fifty-three, and from diarrhœa three hundred and fifty-four.

At nine o'clock this morning the last coil of the cable of 1865 was transferred from the *Medway* to the *Great Eastern* amidst general rejoicing. Preparations were immediately made for her departure from Heart's Content—decks cleared, machinery put in order, anchor hauled in, and steam got up. The *Great Eastern* will be accompanied by the *Medway*, together with the *Terrible* and *Albany*, to assist in picking up the cable of 1865.

The French Cabinet has addressed a note to the Prussian Government, pointing out that the great changes in the political organization of Germany render it necessary that the French frontier should be rectified by an accession of territory to France, so that the frontier should be the same as in 1814.

August 10:

The session of Parliament has closed.

August 11:

The Empress of Mexico has arrived in Paris. She seeks aid from the French Government to the cause of Maximilian.

August 12:

Prussia has informed Austria that she (Prussia) will maintain the right of Italy to Venetia.

The semi-official organ, the *Zeitung*, says that Napoleon's absurd demand has raised hopes in France which it is impossible for Germany to fulfill. The ideas of the revolution must have taken the place of the usual course of policy of France. The changes which have taken place in Germany are of a national German, not an international, character, and convey no menace or danger to France.

News received from Vienna says that great excitement exists there. Four hundred and eighty-two men are to be tried on a charge of high treason. Crowds of people in the streets have hailed the Emperor Francis Joseph with shouts of "Abdicate!" "Abdicate!"

An armistice between Austria and Italy of four weeks' duration has been signed. It will continue in force after the expiration of that time unless notice of its cessation is duly given by either Power to the other.

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico give important information respecting a conspiracy against the Imperial Government, in which many prominent men, active supporters of Santa Anna, were concerned. Fifty-two of them have been arrested, including Señor Lucunza, Minister of State, three other members of the Cabinet, and other palace officials. The conspirators were combining, it is asserted, to overthrow the Government of the Empire, and to reinstate Santa Anna as President or Dictator.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

So much has already been written respecting the great fire at Portland, that it may seem a mere repetition to say any thing more. And yet a recent personal examination of that desolate "*burnt district*" has left such an impression on our mind that we can scarcely refrain from making an allusion to it. Such a fire occurs but once in a lifetime, and may well receive more than a passing notice.

We fancied we had a tolerably correct idea of the ruins before visiting them—thought we could picture to ourself the blackened walls, the isolated chimneys, the masses of brick and mortar, the general débris—but an actual investigation showed at once what an inadequate conception we had formed. Forty streets wholly or partially destroyed—*eight miles* of streets—three hundred and twenty acres of ruins in the heart of a populous city present a singular and appalling scene of desolation of which one can scarcely conceive. A great change has doubtless been wrought in the "burnt district" during the weeks which have elapsed since that terrible conflagration. Fragments of high walls have been pulled down, and buildings whose walls in part remained are being rebuilt. Hundreds of men are clearing away the rubbish and laying new foundations. A large number of temporary wooden buildings are already erected.

What struck us the most forcibly in passing through the ruins was the singular selection which the devouring element had made. Here and there, amidst the general wreck, some unscathed building towered like monuments. The fire seems to have chosen its own way, sometimes on one side of the street and sometimes on the other, and to have been stayed in its course most abruptly. As we go up toward Munjoy Hill, a cemetery is the terminus at one point, only one side of the fence, and a few blackened tombstones showing the effects of the flames. But on the opposite side of the street every thing is destroyed.

"I suppose you have lost every thing," said our somewhat loquacious driver, as he descended from his perch while we stopped the carriage to look at the defaced and blackened walls of the once beautiful City Hall. Wondering if our aspect was particularly gloomy, we assured him we were only sight-seers from New York. Emboldened to give information to strangers, he continued, pointing to the City Hall: "They might have saved *that* just as well as not! Any three men who could not have kept that from burning ought to have been ashamed of themselves. But you see they thought it was *fire-proof*."

Passing near the site of Brown's Sugar House, the smell of the still burning sugar was very perceptible. One thousand hogsheads of sugar were stored there, and it was impossible to save any of it. The tent-dwellers are mostly Irish, and seem comfortable. Cooking stoves are scattered here and there between the tents. Furniture stands partially or altogether outside the canvas. This is all very well for summer, but will not be so agreeable in cold weather.

It was a relief to the eye to turn from these ruins to other portions of the city. We could but wonder that the citizens of Portland were so cheerful and hopeful, with such a mass of desolation in their midst. "But," said a merchant to us, who himself had fortunately escaped severe loss, "there was a time, when the flames were raging, that we felt it was of no use to try to save any thing—it seemed as if so much had gone, that what was left would be worth nothing." We chanced to meet in the cars a lady whose husband had lost largely by the fire, though his dwelling-house was saved. "I have never had such a large family as this last month," said she. "My house has been full;" adding, earnestly, "and it seems almost wicked to come away now, when there are so many who have no home, and need to be taken care of. But I am almost worn-out, and need rest." This is the spirit that usually prevails. Friend has helped friend, and strangers have cordially sent aid; and by degrees Portland is rising from her ashes.

A recent writer says with much truth: "The first consideration in modes of living is what you eat, drink, and smell. What you take in enters into the blood, the life of man. Almost all the epidemics which have occurred on earth have begun, continued, and ended in the corruption of the blood. You will find half a million of people in New York living on veal and salt pork, stringy beef, and half-cooked vegetables, in houses reeking with tobacco, whisky, and garlic, making stews and compounds which a hyena wouldn't touch. Nothing is better than a fresh dish of pease; but how many thousands eat pease as hard as a shot? God sends meat and the devil sends cooks, and most unfortunately the devil's cooks are sent very largely to the poor."

Not long since some investigations were made in regard to the air in an ordinary city court-room. The moisture from the windows was collected and several ounces obtained. It was found to be putrefying and decolorized permanganate of potassia, and experiment proved it to be far more deleterious to health than that obtained from deep mines and similar places. Legal gentlemen would find it for the interest of their clients to introduce a little oxygen into court. The brain can not work vigorously in vitiated air.

A Boston daily recently issued a series of "Atlantic Cable Messages," "in advance of any other paper in the country." We think they are so *much in advance* that we will quote a couple of them for the amusement of our readers. The first is from P. T. Barnum:

(*Message to be delivered in transitu.*)

"Mermaids and other odd fish observing this message pass are informed the undersigned is open to overtures for engagements at his American Museum; as an inducement, he would state that the establishment is conducted on cold water principles, and he is actuated by no sel-fish motives in making this proposition."

The second is dated Paris, August 2, 1866:

"ARTEMAS WARD,

"*To his American Business Manager:*

"This world is orl a floatin sho. Among the principal Shos hear, Prushy has the best Sho at present. The principle curiosity in her Sho being the needle-gun. Have jest konkluded an arrangement with Lewis Napoleon for a side Sho of Wacks wurks and snaix, near the entrance to the grate exhibishun—terms private between me and Lewis. Admission 1 frank French money, or fifteen cents American currency. On klosin the kontract the M.P. ror remarked, 'You and me hez dun a good day's work, Artemas.'
A. W."

An interesting and amusing article on "Human Hair" recently appeared in the New York *Times*. Undoubtedly our lady readers are well posted in all matters pertaining to the adorning of the head; still, this being a subject of paramount importance at the present day, we feel, in a certain sense, responsible to give them all the information and aid possible, in regard to the *weighty* duties that hang upon them as members of fashionable society. Therefore we are happy to inform them that although "fronts," or any contrivance to cover baldness require, to be made with great nicety, and are mostly manufactured in Paris, yet America can do as well as France in the manufacture of waterfalls, "rats," "mice," and the like. Any body can make these adornments—when they know how! And this is the way:

"They are made of hair 'weft' rolled around a wad of cotton. To make the 'weft,' you set two little upright sticks on a table—then you stretch three black threads from one to the other—then you take a little lock of long hair and run it under one thread, over another, then under, then over, then make a half hitch, haul it taut, and make all fast; then you take another little lock and do the over and under business same as before, and keep doing it till you get about six inches of it, and that's 'weft.' Then to make the waterfall, you take a bag—any size is fashionable—fill it with hair that can't be used any where else, then wind your weft outside of it, tucking the ends into the bag; then you cover the whole thing with a small fish-net, and sprinkle on a few beads and spangles, and that's a waterfall. Any body can make them—rats and mice are made the same way, only a little different. Usually, however, these animals consist of a cotton wad, which the ladies work into their own hair when they want to puff it out. When their hair is very thin they have to get the wads covered with some one else's hair. Rolls and coils are also made of weft, wrapped around cotton wads."

We regret that want of space compels us to omit equally exact directions, which would enable every gentleman to make his own wig!

A gentleman who has traveled extensively in the East states that in Egypt, where sun-stroke is of frequent occurrence, an effectual remedy is to pour into the sufferer's ears water in which salt has been dissolved. To say the least this method of cure seems very rough.

A Peruvian plant, the Erythoxylon Coca, has been found by experiment to possess the property of quelling the sensations of hunger and thirst for several days. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions, without affording any nutriment. It may become a very useful medicine.

A critical observer of fashionable life at Newport inveighs against those be-silked and be-jeweled dames who ostentatiously display themselves to the public, and, utterly forgetful of their children, leave them to "dirt and tears, to bruises and fights, to mosquitoes and stomach-ache;" and gives it as his decided, but somewhat ungallant opinion, that they, the mothers, "ought to be pilloried as of old, and then scourged from society." Certain it is that fathers and mothers in various parts of the country are becoming—perhaps they have always been so—monsters in human guise. Not long ago a clergyman whipped his infant son to death because he would not say his prayers. More recently a Seventh-day Baptist at Oswego, New York, turned his daughter out of doors, and whipped a little son nearly to death, because they would not work on Sunday. When the authorities interfered he defended his conduct on the ground that he believed Saturday to be the Sabbath, and that it was his duty to compel his children to "walk in the right way," and work on Sunday. Again we hear of a woman at Indianapolis, Indiana, who recently tortured her daughter, of fourteen years old, so terribly, by tickling her, that the girl was completely exhausted, and in her struggles to escape broke a blood-vessel, which caused her death. Such fiendish conduct is almost beyond belief.

A new tragic actress, Madame Ristori, will probably visit this country in September next, and make her début in New York. She was born near Venice, in 1822, and has been familiar with the stage from the age of four years. Her real name and title is the Marchesa del Grillo, acquired by a stolen marriage with the son and heir of the Marquis de Capranica. She retired from the stage for some time after her marriage to please her friends. But so great was her love for her youthful profession, and so earnest the solicitations of the public, that she again returned to it. She is said to possess great powers of gesture and elocution on the stage; and in private life to be charitable and benevolent, and worthy of the admiration which has been bestowed upon her in her own country.

A pretty good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who, on being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him there was nothing special the matter with him, and declined prescribing for him. But the patient, resolved to have some advice, said: "Now you are here, I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live; what I may eat, and what I may not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple; you must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion, nor the bellows, because they are windy; but eat any thing else you please."

Among the wedding presents given to the Princess Helena there were no less than nine bracelets. She must have a good supply for the present.

"When a woman is gifted with good taste," remarks a Parisian writer on fashions, "she can always find means to make up a pretty toilet out of the very simplest materials." This is undoubtedly true, and we wish American women would make it a practical truth. But we scarcely think the latest fashions indicate that any very great degree of simplicity in the art of dress has yet been attained. Nevertheless we are always happy to give our readers some of the latest styles, and leave them to use their own good taste in regard to adopting them.

Very large *peplums* are now made of cashmere of all shades—cerise, poppy red, mauve, violet, and sky blue, and these are all studded over with either jet or white crystal beads. The *peplums*, which fit the figure, and which are composed of a basque only, are added to dresses cut in the Empire form, while the colored cashmere *peplums* are worn with white bodices. Dresses without pleats at the waist are very ungraceful on any but good figures; the *peplum* basques remove the stiff effect, and are usually becoming additions when the wearer is not stout, for the secret of good dressing is to have discernment in the selection of a toilet, and to choose among the various fashions the cuts and colors which are most appropriate to the wearer's particular figure and complexion.

For the sea-side, where a frequent change of toilet is almost a necessity, and where nobody likes to be encumbered with packages, dress-makers have prepared dresses which can be worn on several occasions. Thus one skirt has frequently two bodices and two paletôts. For example: with a striped light blue and white Chambéry gauze skirt, ornamented with bands of blue silk and blonde insertion, may be worn a plain high bodice, trimmed down the front and on the sleeves with blue silk and white blonde, and an Empire sash fastened at the side with a large rosette, or a basque cut with three large points at the back. This basque is added to the plain high bodice by means of a waistband. For evening wear a low square bodice is made, with a small *berthe* of white silk gauze puffings, every puffing being separated from the next with a flat band of blue silk. Another change can be made with a small *paletôt-sac*, vandyked round the edge and lined with blue silk. Thus several toilets can be formed with the one skirt.

During this warm weather more than ordinary attention has been paid to that indispensable garment called in France a *peignoir*. Such a thing is rarely worn when traveling or at the sea-side, because from early morning one is surrounded by strangers, but in country houses it is extremely popular. In fact, it has become the custom among the higher circles in France, during their residence at their country seats, for the ladies not to dress themselves elaborately for breakfast, but to meet at the table in *peignoirs*. Although the dress is *négligé*, it is indispensable that the hair should be well-arranged, and if a cap is worn it must be made either of white lace or guipure. The mixture of muslin and Valenciennes is in the best taste when enlivened with ribbons of some gay hue. The summer *peignoir* is ordinarily made of washing materials, and of a light color; white is considered more elegant than any thing else. It can be made in a very simple manner, but it should look fresh and clean. At the present moment the *linon peignoirs* are the most popular kind. *Linon* is a sort of *batiste*, made of flax, and looks glazed and brilliant; it is very slightly starched, to give it substance. *Linon* requires but little trimming, the *peignoir* being usually fastened down the front with bows of ribbon, which are varied occasionally with straps of ribbon and mother-of-pearl buckles.

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JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors of BURNETT'S Standard Preparations for the Toilet, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM A LADY.

WEST MILTON, Saratoga Co., N. Y.,
July 6, 1861.

DR. HOSTETTER—Sir: I have long delayed writing to you my sincere thanks for the good you have done my daughter. I can truly say that nothing but the kind hand of Providence and your BITTERS have saved her from an early grave. For three years I have been doctoring her with syrups and all kinds of bitters that have been recommended to me for her, besides having two first-rate physicians; but all seemed to do her no good, while I was searching the almanacs and all the newspapers that I could get hold of, in hopes of finding something that would suit her case. Accidentally there came part of a newspaper around some goods that I bought at the Spa. In looking it over I saw at a glance that your BITTERS was just what she needed. I sent the next day to Ballston Spa and got a bottle of your BITTERS. She commenced taking them, and such a change in one week with her appetite, and the distress that victuals occasioned, and that burning in the Stomach, I never saw in my life, as there was in her. She has taken three bottles, and is now able to work all the time. I think there is a little derangement of the Liver. Please send me three bottles more, which I think will cure her entirely. We and others thought she had a disease of the heart, but that beating and fluttering that would almost stop her from breathing at times, is all gone.

Yours, with respect,

MRS. AMANDA M'PHERSON.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

A bill has passed giving additional bounty to soldiers who served their term of enlistment, or were discharged for wounds, or to their heirs. Also, pension for invalids and widows having children. Circular with law sent. L. BROWN & CO., 1 Park Place, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS. $150 to $250 per Month for ladies and gentlemen, every where, to introduce the Common Sense Family Sewing Machine, enlarged, improved, and perfected. It will hem, fell, stitch, bind, braid, and embroider beautifully, and is fully warranted for five years. Price only $20. We pay the above wages or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Call on or address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3. All letters answered promptly, with circulars and terms.

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WILL COMMENCE AT CINCINNATI ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1866,

AND CONTINUE ONE WEEK.

$10,000 in Greenbacks	For 50 cents.
$3,000 House and Lot	For 50 cents.
$2,500 House and Lot	For 50 cents.
$2,000 House and Lot	For 50 cents.
$1,500 Pair Matched Horses	For 50 cents.
$1,300 Set Parlor Furniture	For 50 cents.
$1,000 Steinway Piano	For 50 cents.
$1,000 Horse, Buggy, and Harness	For 50 cents.
$750 Set Bridal Furniture	For 50 cents.
$700 Watch and Chain	For 50 cents.
$680 Diamond Ring	For 50 cents.
$500 Saddle-Horse	For 50 cents.
$450 Turkish Carpet	For 50 cents.
$250 Sideboard	For 50 cents.
$200 Lady's Gold Watch and Chain	For 50 cents.
$200 Gent's Gold Watch and Chain	For 50 cents.
$200 Lady's Gold Watch and Chain	For 50 cents.
$200 Carriage Harness	For 50 cents.
$200 Tea Set	For 50 cents.
$125 Diamond Pin	For 50 cents.
$100 Silk Dress Pattern	For 50 cents.
$100 Buggy Harness	For 50 cents.
$90 Set Chairs	For 50 cents.
$85 Sewing Machines	For 50 cents.
$85 Dining-Tables	For 50 cents.
$75 Side-Saddles	For 50 cents.
$75 Silk Dress Pattern	For 50 cents.
$75 Centre Table	For 50 cents.
$75 Hogarth	For 50 cents.
$75 Watches	For 50 cents.
$60 Bibles	For 50 cents.
$60 Opera-Glass	For 50 cents.
$50 Centre Table	For 50 cents.
$50 Card Table	For 50 cents.
$50 Music Boxes	For 50 cents.
$50 Dining-Table	For 50 cents.
$50 Photograph Album	For 50 cents.
$50 Writing-Desk	For 50 cents.

Together with 49,690 ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS, ranging in value from $50 down to 50 cents each, and comprising an immense variety of articles of use and ornament, fully enumerated in our general catalogue, which is sent to every purchaser of a ticket, and which will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

All these articles will be distributed on or before the date indicated—probably before, as the plan is so popular the sales now promise to exhaust the tickets in less time than originally supposed; but there will be no postponement, and all the premiums described in the catalogues will be honestly and fairly distributed among the ticket-holders.

Order tickets without delay, which will be forwarded at FIFTY CENTS EACH, and stamp for return postage. They will be forwarded at the following liberal club rates:

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YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.
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